DUP

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

Screenplay

by

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Story

by

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REVISED

FIFTH DRAFT

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FINAL

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VOID

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. PERU - HIGH JUNGLE - DAY 1

The dense, lush rain forests on the eastern slopes of the Andes, the place known as "The Eyebrow of the Jungle". Ragged, jutting canyon walls are half-hidden by the thick mists.

The MAIN TITLE is followed by this:

PERU
1936

A narrow trail across the green face of the canyon. A group of men make their way along it. At the head of the party is an American, INDIANA JONES. He wears a short leather jacket, a flapped holster, and a brimmed felt hat with a weird feather stuck in the band. Behind him come two Spanish Peruvians, SATIPO AND BARRANCA. Bringing up the rear are five Quechua Indians. The act as porters (X) and are wrangling the two heavily-packed llamas. The Indians become increasingly nervous. They speak to each other in bursts of Quechua. The American, who is known to his friends as Indy, glances back at them.

BARRANCA
(irritated)
They're talking about the Curse again!

He turns and yells at the Indians in Quecnua, his anger giving an indication of his own fears. The party reaches a break in the canyon wall and takes the trail through it.

When they emerge, their destination is revealed to them in the distance. Beyond a thick stand of trees is the vegetation-enshrouded TEMPLE OF THE CHACHAPOYAN WARRIORS, 2000 years old.

The entire party is struck by the sight. Indy produces a thin liquor flask from his jacket and takes a quick pull as he looks at the Temple. The Indians, terrified now, chatter away. Suddenly the three at the back turn and run, dropping their packs as they go. Barranca yells at the fleeing Indians and pulls his pistol out. He starts to raise his arm to aim but Indy restrains it in a muscular grip.

INDY
No.

Barranca looks evilly at Indy's hand upon him. Indy releases him and smiles in a friendly way.

INDY
We don't need them.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED 1

Satipo watches this confrontation with some concern.

BARRANCA
I do not carry supplies.

INDY
We'll leave them. Once we've got it, we'll be able to reach the plane by dusk.

He turns back to the trail. Satipo gets the two remaining Indians moving behind Indy. Satipo and Barranca then have a fast, silent communication: Barranca indicates his desire to slit Indy's throat; Satipo gives him a look that says "Be patient, you idiot".

2 THE APPROACH TO THE TEMPLE 2

The party fans out to fight their way through the entwined trees that guard the temple. Visibility is cut to five feet in the heavy mist. Satipo extracts a short, native dart from a tree and examines the point gingerly.

SATIPO
(showing Indy)
The Hovitos are near. The poison is still fresh...three days. They're following us, I tell you.

INDY
If they knew we were here, they would have killed us already.

The two Indians jabber in Quechua, near hysteria. Barranca is sweating profusely, eyes darting. He yells at the Indians in Quechua to "shut up".

In the undergrowth, there is slithering movement.

Indian #1 draws aside a branch and is faced with a horrific stone sculpture of a Chachapoyan demon. The Indian is so frightened no sound comes out when he screams. He turns and runs silently away.

Indian #2 calls to his friend. Getting no response, he steps in that direction. A huge macaw, flushed from the undergrowth, screams and flies away. Indian #2 does exactly the same thing, never to be seen again.

Indy, Satipo and Barranca, just clearing the trees, look back in that direction. They all turn to face the Temple.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED 2

It is dark and awesome. Vegetation curls from every crevice, over each elaborate frieze. The entrance--round, open and black--has been designed to look like open jaws.

INDY
So this is where Forrestal cashed in.

SATIPO
A friend of yours?

INDY
Competitor. He was good, very good.

BARRANCA
(nervous)
No one has ever come out of there alive. Why should we put our faith in you?

Indy takes the weird feather from the band of his hat. From around its point, he slips a tightly rolled piece of parchment. Barranca and Satipo exchange a quick "So that's where it was!" look. They all kneel as Indy spreads out the parchment. On it is one-half of a crude floorplan of the Temple.

INDY
No one ever had what we have... partners.

Indy fixes them with an expectant stare. Satipo produces a similar, but folded, piece of parchment. He lays it--the other half of the floorplan--next to Indy's. They all regard it for a moment, then Indy stands and walks toward the Temple. Barranca's eyes are shining as they dart between the floorplan and Satipo.

INDY
(back turned)
Assuming that pillar there marks the corner and...

Barranca is suddenly on his feet, quietly drawing his pistol. He raises it toward Indy as Satipo realizes with alarm what he's doing. Too late. Indy's head turns and he sees Barranca.

Indy's next move is amazing, graceful and fast, yet totally unhurried. His right hand slides up under the back of his leather jacket and emerges grasping the handle of a neatly curled bullwhip. With the same fluid move that brings Indy's body around to face the Peruvian, the whip uncoils to its full ten foot length and flashes out.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED 2

The fall of the whip (the unplaited strip at the end of the lash) wraps itself around Barranca's hand and pistol. He could not drop the gun now if he tried.

Indy gives the whip a short pull and Barranca's arm is jerked down, where it involuntarily discharges the gun into the dirt. Barranca is amazed, but feels some slack in the whip and immediately raises the gun toward Indy again, cocking it with his free hand.

Indy's face goes hard. And sad.

Indy sweeps his arm in a wide arc. Barranca spins around, enclosed in the whip, his gun hand stuck tight against his own body. Indy gives one more short jerk on the whip handle and Barranca's gun fires. Barranca falls dead.

Indy looks quickly at Satipo, who is shocked and frightened. He raises his arms in supplication.

SATIPO
I knew nothing! He was crazy!
Please!

Indy looks him over, then nods. He frees the whip from Barranca's body and picks up the map. His eyes sweep the surrounding woods.

INDY
Let's go.

3 INT. TEMPLE - INCLINED PASSAGE - DAY 3

Indy and Satipo, carrying a torch, walk up the slightly inclined, tubular passage from the main entrance. The interior is wet and dark, hanging with plant life and stalactites. Their echoing footsteps intermittently overpower the sounds of loud dripping, whistling air drafts and scampering claws.

4 HALL OF SHADOWS 4

Indy leads the way down a twisting hallway, Satipo's torch barely lighting his way from behind. Indy disappears in a shadow and when he reappears a moment later a huge black tarantula is crawling up the back of his jacket. Indy doesn't notice and disappears into another shadow, emerging with two more tarantulas on his back.

Satipo sees them and makes a frightened grunting sound. Indy looks at him, sees what he's pointing at and casually brushes all three spiders off with his rolled whip, as he would a fly. Satipo pirouettes for an inspection and Indy flicks one off the Peruvian's back.

4 CONTINUED 4

Indy begins picking up little pocket-sized artifacts from the niches and ledges of the Temple. He continues to do this as the men penetrate the Temple. His collecting is quick and expert, evaluating the pieces in an instant, discarding some, stuffing others into his clothes, and never stopping his forward progress.

5 CHAMBER OF LIGHT 5

The men reach an arch in the hall. The small chamber ahead, which interrupts the hall, is brightly lit by a shaft of sunlight from high above. Indy stops, looks it over.

SATIPO
What's wrong? Are you lost?

Indy picks up a stick and throws it through the shaft of light. Giant spikes spring together from the sides of the chamber with a ferocious CLANG! And impaled on the spikes are the remains of a white man, half-fleshed, half skeleton, in explorer-type garb. Indy reaches out and takes hold of the man's carcass. As the spikes slowly retract, Indy pulls it free and seats the remains gently on the floor.

INDY
Forrestal.

SATIPO
(gulps)
We can go no further.

INDY
Now, Satipo, we don't want to be discouraged by every little thing.

Indy steps sideways into the chamber. His back pressed against the very points of the retracted spikes, he moves along the edge of the light beam, and steps clear on the other side. Satipo grimaces and begins sweating his way through.

6 OMITTED 6

7 FOYER OF THE SANCTUARY 7

The men now find themselves in a high, straight hallway 50 feet long. The door at the end is flooded with sunlight.

SATIPO
Senor, I think we are very close.

7 CONTINUED 7

Indy stands still looking at the hall.

SATIPO
(impatient)
Let us hurry. There is nothing to fear here.

INDY
That's what scares me.

They begin walking down the hall side by side. Satipo has inched a little ahead. Suddenly his lead foot comes down and through the floor! As Satipo begins to pitch forward, Indy grabs him by the belt and pulls him back. They both look down at the "floor".

Indy swings his whip across the floor. Fifteen feet of it cuts open beneath the lash, falling away to reveal a black pit as wide as the hall. The illusory floor was made of dust-covered cobwebs. Satipo picks up a stone and drops it down the pit. No sound. The two men exchange glances. Indy looks up at the high roof of the hall. He swings the whip up around a support beam, tests its strength with a pull and swings over the pit on the whip. From the other side he swings the whip back to Satipo, who throws Indy the torch. Satipo swings across. When they are both standing on solid floor there is a moment of quiet in which they hear, from far, far below--SPLASH! Indy wedges the whip handle into the wall and leaves it strung to the beam for quick retreat.

8 THE SANCTUARY 8

A large, domed room. Ten evenly-spaced skylights send their shafts of sunlight down to a unique tiled floor: white and black tiles laid out in a lovely, intricate pattern. Indy and Satipo stand at the door and look across the wide room at the altar. There, in the supreme hallowed spot, is a tiny jeweled figurine, Indy's real objective.

Two torches, many years old, are in holders by the door. Indy takes one down and lights it. He gives the regular torch to Satipo.

SATIPO
There's plenty of light, amigo.

Indy kneels and uses the unlit end of the torch to reach out and tap a white tile. It is solid. He taps a black tile. There is a whizzing sound and a tiny dart sticks in the torch. Satipo points to the wall nearby; there is a recessed hole there.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED 8

SATIPO
From that hole!

Indy nods, stands and looks around the sanctuary. The entire room is honey-combed with the same kind of hole. Satipo sees it too and is properly impressed.

INDY
You wait here.

SATIPO
If you insist, senor.

Torch in hand, Indy begins his careful walk across the sanctuary. Stepping only on the white tiles, he almost appears to be doing a martial arts kata. Before each big move he waves the torch in front of him head to toe, looking at the flame. Halfway out, he sees something on the floor and kneels to look at it.

A dead bird lies on one of the white tiles. Its body is riddled with little deadly darts. This has great significance to Indy and he stands with even greater caution. He waves the torch ahead of him and at waist height an air current whips at the flame. Indy ducks under it and leaves a burn mark on the white tile beneath it.

Satipo watches, wide-eyed and mystified.

Indy reaches the altar. The tiny idol looks both fierce and beautiful. It rests on a pedestal of polished stone. Indy looks the whole set-up over very carefully as he again pulls out his liquor flask and takes a reflective hit. Then, from his jacket he takes a small, canvas drawstring bag. He begins filling it with dirt from around the base of the altar. When he has created a weight that he thinks approximates the weight of the idol, he bounces it a couple time in his palm concentrating. It's clear he wants to replace the idol with the bag as smoothly as possible. His hands seem ready to do that once, when he stops, takes a breath and loosens his shoulder muscles. Now he sets himself again. And makes the switch! The idol is now in his hand, the bag on the pedestal. For a long moment it sits there, then the polished stone beneath the bag drops five inches. This sets off an AURAL CHAIN REACTION OF steadily increasing volume as some huge mysterious mechanism rumbles into action deep in the temple.

Indy spins and starts his kata back across the sanctuary at four times the speed.

Satipo's eyes widen in terror. He turns and runs.

9 THE RETREAT - INTERCUTTING INDY AND SATIPO 9

The sanctuary has begun to rumble and shake in response to the mysterious mechanism. Just as Indy goes out the door, a rock shakes loose from the wall and rolls onto the tiled floor. Immediately, a noisy torrent of poison darts fills the room.

IN THE FOYER, Satipo swings across the pit. He makes it just as the whip comes undone from the beam, leaving Indy without an escape. Satipo, extremely nervous, regards the whip a moment then turns back to face Indy, who has run up to the far side of the pit.

SATIPO
No time to argue. Throw me the idol, I throw you the whip.

Indy hesitates, eyeing the rumbling walls.

SATIPO
You have no choice! Hurry!

Indy concurs with that assessment. He tosses the idol across the pit to Satipo. Satipo stuffs it in the front pocket of his jacket, gives Indy a look, then drops the whip on the floor and runs.

SATIPO
Adios, amigo!

Indy grimaces. He had a feeling this might happen. He looks around.

AT THE CHAMBER OF LIGHT, Satipo has slowed down. He begins to edge carefully around the light shaft.

IN THE FOYER, Indy runs in full stride to the edge of the pit and broad jumps into space. He doesn't make it. His body hits the far side of the pit and he begins to slide out of view. Only wild clawing with his fingers at the edge of the pit stops his descent. With just the tips of his fingers over the edge, he begins pulling himself up. At that moment, he hears, from above, the giant spikes of the Chamber of Light CLANG! and an abrupt, sickening rendition of SATIPO'S LAST SCREAM. Indy gets all the way out and takes off.

AT THE CHAMBER OF LIGHT, Indy slides to a stop, whip in hand. The spikes have retracted, taking Satipo's body to one side. Indy edges into the chamber with his back to the shaft of light. Soon he is face to face with the dead Satipo; spikes protude from several vital spots in the Peruvian's body. Indy removes the idol from Satipo's pocket and moves quickly out the other side.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED 9

INDY
Adios.

10 THE INCLINED PASSAGE 10

Indy shoots out of a cut-off hallway and turns toward the exit. The rumbling is very loud and now we see why: right behind Indy a huge boulder comes roaring around a corner of the passage, perfectly form-fitted to the passage-way. It obliterates everything before it, sending the stalactites shooting ahead like missiles. Indy dashes for the light of the exit. His hat flies off his head. Almost immediately it is crushed by the boulder. Indy dives out the end of the passage as the boulder slams to a perfect fit at the entrance, sealing the Temple.

11 EXT. FRONT OF THE TEMPLE - DAY 11

Indy lies on the ground, gasping for air. A shadow falls across him and he looks up.

WHAT HE SEES. Looming above him are three figures. Two are HOVITOS WARRIORS in full battle paint and loin cloths. They carry long blow guns. But the man in the center draws Indy's attention. He is a tall, impressive white man, dressed in full safari outfit including pith helmet. His name is RENE BELLOQ. His face is thin, powerful; his eyes hypnotic; his smile charming, yet lethal. His heavily French-accented speech is deep, mellifluous, wonderful. Back beyond Belloq and his two escorts, thiry more Hovitos Warriors hover at the edge of the trees.

BELLOQ
Dr. Jones, you choose the wrong friends. This time it will cost you.

Belloq extends his hand. Indy looks at it, then produces the idol and hands it to Belloq. Belloq extends his other hand, smiling. Indy hands over his gun. Belloq sticks it in his jacket.

BELLOQ
And you thought I'd given up. Again we see, there is nothing you can possess which I cannot take away.

INDY
(eyeing the Hovitos)
Too bad they don't know you like I do, Belloq.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED 11

BELLOQ
(smiles)
Yes, too bad. You could warn them...if only you spoke Hovitos.

With that, Belloq turns dramatically and holds the idol high for all the Hovitos to see and says something in Hovitos. There is a murmur of recognition and all the Indians, including Belloq's escorts, prostrate themselves upon the ground, heads down.

Indy is immediately up and running toward the edge of the clearing.

BELLOQ
(in Hovitos)
Kill him!

AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, Indy disappears into the foliage. An instant later, the leaves are peppered with a rain of poison darts and spears.

12 EXT. THE JUNGLE - INDY'S RUN - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 12

Indy runs like hell through steadily falling terrain. And always close behind, a swift gang of angry Hovitos. Occasionally they get close enough to send a dart or spear whizzing past Indy's head.

13 EXT. THE URUBAMBA RIVER - DUSK 13

An amphibian plane sits in the water beneath a green cliff. Sitting on the wing is JOCK, the British pilot. Indy breaks out of some distant bush and runs along the path at the top of the cliff.

INDY
(yelling)
Get it going! Get it going!

Jock hops in and fires up the plane's engines. Indy reaches a spot on the cliff above the plane, glances back, then jumps into the river. He comes up, swims to the plane and grabs a strut.

INDY
GO!

Jock starts the plane moving across the water as Indy walks across the wing and falls into the passenger compartment.

14 and 15 OMITTED 14 and 15

16 Int. Jock's Plane - Dusk 16

As the plane lifts off the water, Indy relaxes and lies across the seat, a big smile on his face. One hand drops to the floor of the cabin and Indy jumps, hitting his head. On the floor of the cabin is a huge boa constrictor. Indy tries to get his whole body onto the seat. Jock sees what's happening.

JOCK
Don't mind him. That's Reggie. Wouldn't hurt a soul.

INDY
I can't stand snakes.

JOCK
The world's full of them, you know.

INDY
I hate them.

JOCK
Come on now, Sport, show a little of the old backbone.

17 EXT. JOCK'S PLANE -TWLIGHT 17

It soars off over the dark jungle.

18 INT - INDIANA JONE'S CLASSROOM - DAY 18

Indy's classroom is clearing. The last student leaves, Indy reaches past Brody and closes the door.

INDY
(picking up a clay replica)
I had it. Marcus, I had it in my hand.

BRODY
What happened?

INDY
One guess.

BRODY
Belloq.

INDY
(nodding)
You want to hear about it?

BRODY
(other matters on his mind)
Not a word. I'm sure everything you do for the museum conforms to the strictest guidelines of The International Treaty for the Protection of Antiquities.

Indy jumps to his feet, a little unsteadily and begins to pace the room.

INDY
It's beautiful. Marcus, I'll get it. I've got it all figured... There's only one place Belloq can sell it. Marakesh! I need $2,000.00 to get me there and back Marcus.

BRODY
Listen to me old boy. I've brought some people to see you.

Indy carefully produces some soft white felt and unwraps them revealing the two idols pocketed from the Peruvian Temple.

INDY
Look at these. They're good pieces.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED 18

BRODY
Indiana, the museum will buy them as usual. No questions asked.

INDY
Gotta be worth the price of a ticket to Marakesh...

BRODY
The people I've brought are important.

INDY
(hearing for the first time)
What people?

BRODY
Army Intelligence. They knew you were coming before I did. They seem to know everything. And they wouldn't tell me what they want.

INDY
Why do I want to see them?

BRODY
Quite the contrary my friend. They appear to need your help. Let's go, they're in the assembly hall.

Brody opens the door and there stands a pretty young GIRL STUDENT who pushes her way in with an armload of books. Indy's face lights up at the sight and she returns the look. Indy shifts moods from optimistic energy to loving conviviality.

INDY
(straining for her name)
Uh...uh...Susan! I said we'd talk.

GIRL STUDENT
(disappointed)
I was hoping we could...
(noticing Brody)
...have a conference.

INDY
Marcus be a pal, get some coffee, I'll only be 4-5 minutes.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED 18

Brody steps between the two and gently ushers the girl back out the door.

BRODY
--not now. Professor Jones has a very important meeting to attend.

The girl goes out, pouting. Brody sticks Indy's arms into his coat.

INDY
(to girl)
I'll be back at noon...uh...
(straining for her name)
...uh.

MARCUS
(aside to Indy)
Susan.

Indy is struck by her, shy and embarrassed.

INDY
...Susan!
(to Marcus)
That girl is brilliant...

19 INT. LARGE ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY 19

Indy leans against a desk talking with Brody and two uniformed Army officers, COLONEL MUSGROVE AND MAJOR EATON, we are situated around the first seats in the classroom.

INDY
Draft board...huh...
I've already served..

EATON
So we've heard. In face, Dr. Jones, we've heard a great deal about you. Doctor of archeology, expert on the occult, and -- how does one say it -- "obtainer of rare antiquities."

INDY
That's one way to say it.

CONTINUED

19 INT. INDY'S LECTURE HALL/CLASROOM - DAY 19

Indy's course--a combination of archeology and anthropology--is taught in this amphitheatre-type lecture hall. His desk and lectern hold large reference books; blackboards line the wall. Bones, maps, charts festoon the walls.

Indy leans against his desk talking with Brody and two uniformed Army officers, COLONEL MUSGROVE AND MAJOR EATON, who are situated around the first seats in the classroom. Indy looks better now, having been pulled together a bit. Nothing can hide his red eyes or stubly chin, but the conversation has the effects of steadily reviving his faculties. Musgrove and Eaton are very aware of his appearance and condition.

INDY (X)
If this is the draft board,
I've already served.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 19

MUSGROVE
You're a man of many talents.

EATON
You studied under Professor Ravenwood at the University of Chicago?

INDY
(with respect and some chagrin)
Yes. We haven't spoken in ten years. We were friends and...I'm afraid, had a bit of a falling out.

EATON
You know nothing of his whereabouts?

INDY
Just rumors. Somewhere in Asia, last I heard.

Musgrove and Eaton exchange a look; they're disappointed.

EATON
(to Musgrove)
Maybe Dr. Jones can make sense of it.

Again the military men have a silent communication, deciding what to reveal.

MUSGROVE
(carefully continuing)
Well...uh...you must understand, Dr. Jones, this is all strictly confidential.

Indy is opening a window.

INDY
Yeah, yeah I understand.

MUSGROVE
Yesterday afternoon one of our European sections intercepted a German communique sent from Cairo to Berlin. The news contained in it was obviously causing a lot of excitement among the German agents in Cairo.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 19

EATON
Over the last 2 years the Nazis have had teams of archeologists running around the world looking for all kinds of religious artifacts... Hitler's a nut on the subject... crazy...He's obsessed with the occult. And right now apparently some kind of German archaeological dig is going on in the desert outside Cairo.

MUSGROVE
Now we've got some information but we don't know what to make of it. We thought you might.

Musgrove takes a sheet from his briefcase.

MUSGROVE
Here it is--"Tanis Development proceeding. Acquire headpiece Staff of Ra, Abner Ravenwood, U.S."

Indy slowly turns from the window. This is big news. He sits down with the government men.

INDY
(to Brody)
The nazi's have discovered Tanis.

Brody is just as aware as Indy about the importance of this news.

EATON
What does that mean to you? Tanis.

Indy takes a breath. His professorial skills will begin to shine here. He pushes forward until all eyes are on him. Then, he begins.

INDY
(he looks at Brody)
The City of Tanis is one of the possible resting places of the Lost Ark.

Government men look at one another perplexed.

MUSGROVE
The Lost Ark?

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 19

INDY
The Ark of the Covenant. The chest the Hebrews used to carry around the Ten Commandments.

EATON
What do you mean Ten Commandments? Are you talking about The Ten Commandments.

INDY
(forcing his patience)
I mean the actual stone tablets. The original ones Moses brought down from Mount Horeb. The ones he smashed if you believe in those things.

The Government men are impressed but impassive. A large awkward pause settles over everyone.

INDY
(like a tolerant teacher)
Look a lot of this depends on your personal beliefs. Understand that right now. Any of you guys ever to to Sunday School? No?
(Indy gathers his resources and begins)
The Hebrews put broken pieces in the Ark and carried it with them. When they settled in Canaan, the Ark was placed in the Temple of Solomon.

BRODY
In Jerusalem.

INDY
It stayed for many years. And then...it was gone.

EATON
Where?

INDY
No one knows who took it or when.

BRODY
But then an Egyptian pharoah invaded Jerusalem around 980 B.C.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

INDY
Guy named Shishak.

BRODY
Who may have taken it back to the city of Tanis and hidden it in a secret chamber they call the Well of Souls.

EATON
(under his breath)
Secret chambers.

BRODY
Nasty things always seemed to happen to outsiders who meddled with the Ark.

INDY
Yeah, well anyway that's the myth.

EATON
(a sneer)
Of course...the obligatory curse.

BRODY
However, soon after he returned to Egypt, the City of Tanis was consumed by the desert in a sandstorm that lasted a full year.
(smiles)
Wiped clean by the wrath of G-d.

EATON
(under breath)
Un-hugh.

MUSGROVE
Obviously, we've come to the right man. You seem to know all about this Tanis.

INDY
No, no...Ravenwoods the expert. Abner did some of the first serious work on Tanis. He collected some of its relics. Tanis was his obsession. He never found the city.

EATON
Frankly, we're a little suspicious of Mr. Ravenwood. An American being mentioned so prominetly in a secret Nazi cable.

19 CONTINUED 19

BRODY
Oh rubbish. Ravenwood's no Nazi.

MUSGROVE.
What do they want him for?

INDY
Well gentlemen, sounds to me like the Nazis are looking for the headpiece to the Staff of Ra. They think Abner's got it.

EATON
What exactly is a headpiece to a Staff of Ra?

Indy moves to the blackboard and makes a quick sketch to give a rough idea of the system as he describes it...(We get a glimpse of what an interesting and enthusiastic teacher he must be.)

INDY
The Staff was really just a big stick--Oh, I don't know, say like this--
(he indicates about six feet)
--no one really knows for sure. Anyway, it was capped by an elaborate headpiece in the shape of the sun, with a crystal in its center. What you had to do was take the Staff to a special map room in Tanis--it had the whole city laid out in miniature on the floor. When you placed the Staff in a certain spot in this room, at a certain time of day, the sun would shine through the crystal here in the headpiece and then send a beam of light down here--the the map--giving you the location of the Well of Souls...

MUSGROVE
...where the Ark of the Covenant was kept.

INDY
(nods)
Which is exactly what the Nazis are after.

EATON
What's the Ark look like?

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 19

INDY
Look like? Why it's right here...

Indy pulls out a group of Scrolls. The other men gather to look. A general buzz among the group.

THE SCROLL fills the screen.

It shows a Biblical battle. The Israelite Army if vanguishing an opposition force. At the forefront of the Israelite ranks, two men carry the Ark of the Covenant, a beautiful gold chest, crowned by two sculptured gold angels. The men do not touch the Ark itself; rather, they carry it by the use of two long wooden poles which pass through rings in the corners of the Ark. The painting is very dramatic, full of smoke, tumult and sinewy dying men. But the most astounding thing in the Scroll is the brilliant jet of white light and flame issuing from the Wings of the angels. It pierces deep into the ranks of the retreating enemy, wrecking devastation and terror.

EATON
Good God!

BRODY
Yes. That's what the Hebrews thought.

MUSGROVE
What's that supposed to be coming out of there?

INDY
(matter of fact)
Who knows...lightening...fire... the power of God.

EATON
I'm beginning to understand Hitler's interest in this thing.

BRODY
Oh yes. The Bible tells of it leveling mountains and wasting entire regions.
(Indy takes the Bible out... pauses)
An army which carries the Ark before it is invincible.

Eaton and Musgrove exchange worried looks.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 19

MUSGROVE
Dr. Jones, you've been very helpful I hope we can call on you again if we have questions.

INDY
Please do.

Brody and Indy exchange a look as they all shake and Brody starts to leave with the Army men.

22 INT. INDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 22

Indy and Susan lounge in front of the fireplace, a fire blazing and one small lamp lit on the night stand by the bed. We hear faint conversation and occasional laughter. Then the sound of a car engine can be heard approaching the house and car head lights play across the wall. Indy jumps up anticipating the door. The light goes on in the hall.

20 EXT. FRONT DOOR, INDY's HOUSE - NIGHT 20

Indy's small college town cottage. Marcus rings the bell and waits on the little porch. Indy opens the door; his face lights up with excitement at the sight of Brody. They share a long, communicative smile.

INDY
You did it, didn't you?

BRODY
(affirmative)
They want you to go for it.

INDY
All right! Come on in.

21 INT. HALLWAY - INDY'S HOUSE 21

Indy leads Brody to the living room. At the entrance we see Susan tidying things up. She crosses their path with a quick look at Indy and then heads up the stairs. Indy's eyes follow her up the stairs. Brody crosses the living room over to Indy's desk and turns on a desk lamp. The surface of the desk is covered with open books, monographs, maps, and drawings--all about the Ark of the Covenant. Brody smiles; he knows his friend well. Brody turns to him with a triumphant expression. Indy's manner is vigorous and aggressive.

BRODY
They want you to get ahold of the Ark before the Nazis do. And they're ready to pay handsomely.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED 22

INDY
And, of course, the Museum gets the Ark when we're done.

BRODY
(smiles)
Of course.

INDY
It's the Ark, Marcus.

Indy crosses the room to his closet and begins pulling his fighting clothes, whip etc. and lays them on the bed to begin packing.

BRODY
Nothing else has been close.

INDY
That Ark represents everything that brought us into archeology in the first place.

BRODY
5 years ago I'd have gone after it myself...I'm actually rather jealous.

INDY
I'll have to locate Abner. And I think I know where to start looking--

A thought crosses his mind, giving him pause. Brody knows what it is.

INDY
You don't suppose she'll still be with him.

BRODY
It's possible. But believe me, Indy, Marion is the least of your worries right now.

INDY
What do you mean?

BRODY
For nearly 2600 years men have searched for the Lost Ark. It is not to be dealt with lightly. No one knows its secrets. It's like nothing you're ever gone after before.

22 CONTINUED 22

INDY
Relax, Marcus. You know what a cautious fellow I am.

With that, Indy unwraps his gun and whip and lays them out on his bed and begins carefully packing his action clothes.

BRODY
I'm serious, Indy. I don't want to lose you, no matter how great the prize.

Indy is touched by Brody's concern.

INDY
To the Ark.

They drink a toast. Indy turns his glass upside down and puts it on the table...

23 EXT. IN THE AIR - NIGHT/DAY 23

A Pan Am Clipper flies west over the Pacific.

23A OMITTED 23A

23B EXT. BASE OF THE HIMALAYAS (INDIA & NEPAL) - SEVERAL SHOTS - DAY/NIGHT 23B

24 thru 51 OMITTED 24 thru 51

52 INT. "THE RAVEN" SALOON - PATAN, NEPAL - NIGHT 52

A huge stuffed Raven, wings spread wide, is mounted behind the long bar in the noisy, crowded saloon. A lively mix of patrons is represented in the late house tableau:

Nepalese natives, fierce Sherpa mountain guides, sleazy international smugglers and fugitives, and, of course, mountain climbers from every corner of the earth. A tall Nepalese, MOHAN, is the bartender.

Most of this motley bunch has crowded up toward the bar, where some sort of raucous competition is taking place. A muscular and ferocious AUSTRALIAN CLIMBER stands in front of the bar. Before him is a row of fifteen shot glasses. Thirteen are empty. He prepares himself and tosses back the fourteenth. The onlookers react noisily as he slams the glass down with a challenging look across the bar at his Opponent, who has until now been hidden by the crowd.

Now we see his Opponent: Facing him from across the bar, dwarfed by the forest of towering patrons, is MARION RAVENWOOD, 25 years old, beautiful, if a bit hard-looking. At this moment, she can use any hardness in her as she picks up her fourteenth shot glass and tosses it down. The crowd reacts much bigger to this. They love her. Between the rows of glasses is a pile of money of wildly varying currencies.

The Australian Climber focuses on his final glass and picks it up with a steady hand. He smiles at Marion roguishly and drinks. He puts the glass down and narrows his eyes at Marion. Then he falls over like a big tree. No one makes any effort to catch him; they're busy ROARING their approval.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED 52

Marion has the glimmer of a smile as she picks up the pile of money and taps it into a neat stack, eyeing the crowd.

MARION
All right, you no-good bums, get the hell out of here. I'm sick of seeing your ugly mugs.

Loo sallá harú nyan barra niska.
(All right you no-good bums, get the hell out of here.)

Bŭt harú lī harrdha harrdha thaken.
(I'm sick and tired of seeing you ghosts.)

Căam Dăam chianá? (Don't you have any work?)

No one moves, they're all intent on Marion's final shot glass. She knows it and laughs slyly as she swoops it up and tosses it down like her first nip of the night. Again the crowd ROARS.

MARION
Mohan, clear 'em out. Everybody out! We're closed.

Mohan in harruli nēcála. (Mohan get them out.)

Lŏo súbjana nĭska. (Everybody out.)

Dhōkan bundbhayō. (We're closed.)

As the place clears, Marion takes her stack of money and slips it into a small wooden box on a shelf under the bar. Then she slips through a doorway and heads across the back room to a door. For the first time, the effect of all that booze is apparent. She's woozy.

52-A EXT. "THE RAVEN" - IN BACK - NIGHT 52-A

Marion comes out unsteadily. She walks over to a snowbank and forms a snowball in each hand. Then, slowly, as though she's done it a hundred times before, she presses a snowball to each of her temples.

52-B INT. "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT 52-B

Marion walks in behind the bar. She looks marvelously sober. Mohan, a big ax-handle in hand, is herding the last stragglers out the front.

CONTINUED

52-B CONTINUED 52-B

Marion has just begun clearing the bar of glasses when she notices one remaining Patron huddled over a glass at the far end of the bar. Grimacing in exasperation, she heads that way like a locomotive.

MARION
Hey you, deaf one! I said out of my place. I don't mean next Easter, I mean now--

Arrĕy? Bairra chuh kayhō? (Hey? Are you deaf?)

Sallá mayrho dhōkan barra niskēy. (Get out of my place.)

Arco junum mă hoina. Aieylaynea niskēy. (I don't mean in the next life. Get out this very moment)

She is almost on him when Indy looks up smiling. Marion stops, stares, shocked.

INDY
Hello, Marion.

Their eyes are locked. There is enormous feeling here, an emotional history. She moves toward him, almost floating...

She hits him with a solid right to the jaw, knocking him off the barstool to the floor. He rubs his jaw and smiles up at her.

INDY
Nice to see you, too.

MARION
Get up and get out.

INDY
(getting up)
Take it easy. I'm looking for your father.

MARION
(bitterly)
Well you're two years too late.

Indy's attitude changes instantly. This is sad news. He is silent for a long time. Mohan comes in the front door and hurries forward when he sees Indy with Marion. He looks to her for guidance, but she stays him with a gesture.

CONTINUED

52-B CONTINUED 52-B

MARION
Go home, Mohan. I'll see you tomorrow.

Mohan, theemē ghaur jayŏo. (Mohan, go home.)
Bholee aahnŏo. (I'll see you tomorrow.)

Mohan is hesitant, but lays the axe handle on the bar and goes out. Indy has been barely aware of him. Now he settles again on the barstool. Marion has a vindictive look. She'll let him stay, but she wants to inflict as much pain as possible.

INDY
What happened?

MARION
Avalanche. Up there. He was digging. What else? He spent his whole life digging. Dragging me all over this rotten earth. For what?

INDY
Did you find him?

MARION
Hell no. He's buried where he was working. Probably preserved real good, too. In the snow.

Suddenly the hardness cracks. She is on the verge of tears and does not want him to see them. She turns away and takes a whiskey bottle from the shelf, then turns back to pour himself a drink.

INDY
Not a bad way to go. Doing what he loved.

MARION
(vitriolic)
Don't give me that stuff! What do you know?
(she takes a drink)
I'm the one that was left in a bad way. He didn't have a penny. Guess how I lived, Mister Jones. I worked here. And I wasn't the bartender.
(another swallow)
Finally the guy that owned the joint went crazy. Snow crazy. They took him away screaming. As they dragged him out, he said the place was all mine for life.

CONTINUED

52-B CONTINUED 52-B

She looks around the saloon.

MARION
Can you imagine a more evil curse?
(pause)
So far, it's working.

INDY
Why not leave? Go back to the States?

MARION
I'll go back. I'll get there. Not that there's a soul there who knows my name or cares. But I'll go. And when I do, they'll know me. 'Cause I'm going to go back in style. With money. A goddamn lady!

INDY
Where you gonna get it?

MARION
If I knew that, you think I'd still be running this dive?

Indy looks at her, thinking. Under his gaze, she blushes, for reasons only she understands. She looks into her glass and, for a moment, she softens.

MARION
I'll tell you something Indy. I've learned to hate you in the last ten years. But somehow, no matter how much I hated you, I always knew that someday you'd come through that door. I never doubted that. Something made it inevitable.
(hopefully)
Why are you here...now...tonight?

Indy takes a long time to answer.

INDY
I need one of the pieces your father collected.

Marion's eyes go icy. She swings at him again with her right, but this time he catches her at the wrist. Then he stops her left, which she has brought up to slap him.

MARION
You son-of-a-bitch! You know what you did to me, to my life? This is your handiwork.

CONTINUED

52-B CONTINUED 52-B

INDY
I never meant to hurt you.

MARION
I was a child!

INDY
You knew what you were doing.

MARION
I was in love.

INDY
I guess that depends on your definition.

MARION
It was wrong. You knew it.

Indy releases her arms.

INDY
Look, I did what I did. I don't expect you to be happy about it. But maybe we can do each other some good.

MARION
Why start now?

INDY
Shut up and listen for a second. I want that piece your father had. I've got money.

This stops her.

MARION
How much?

INDY
Enough to get you back to the States. Where are his things?

MARION
Gone. I sold it all. It was all junk. The junk he wasted his life on.

INDY
Everything?

Marion nods.

CONTINUED

52-B CONTINUED 52-B

INDY
(giving up)
That's too bad.

Indy feels tired, defeated. Marion is pleased.

MARION
You look disappointed. I like that. How's it feel?

Indy has to smile at her glee.

MARION
(nods at his empty glass)
What are you drinking?

Indy does a long, sickly take, eyeing all the nearby liquor with intense desire. He remembers his promise to Brody, swallows hard and--

INDY
Seltzer.

MARION
(refilling his glass)
Real man's drink. Me, I like scotch. And I like bourbon. And vodka and gin. I'm not much for brandy. I'm off that.

She pours herself another as Indy watches.

INDY
You're a tough broad now, aren't you?

MARION
It's no act, pal. This ain't Schenectady.

INDY
I can only say I'm sorry so many times.

Marion looks at him thoughtfully, takes a drink.

MARION
You really have money? You don't look rich.
(Indy nods)
I may be able to locate some of his things. I know who's got them. What do you want?

CONTINUED

52-B CONTINUED 52-B

INDY
A bronze piece, about this size. In the shape of the sun. Has a little hole in it, off-center, with a crystal in it. Does that sound familiar?

Marion thinks, nods slowly.

INDY
Do you know where it is?

MARION
Maybe. How much?

INDY
Three thousand. American.

MARION
(negative)
That'll get me back, but not in style. This doodad must be pretty important.

INDY
Maybe.

A huge smile lights up Marion's face.

MARION
I knew it would happen eventually. I knew it. Something had to go my way.
(pours herself another drink)
I've got to think this out. I'm used to bargaining with yaks.

INDY
Okay, five thousand. That's all I can give you now. I can get you more when you land in the States.

MARION
Your word, huh?
(Indy nods)
Just like you said you'd be back last time? That was your word too.

INDY
I'm back, aren't I?

Marion sneers and they smile together.

INDY
You can trust me.

CONTINUED

52-B CONTINUED 52-B

MARION
Come back tomorrow.

INDY
Why?

MARION
Because I said so, that's why. It's about time I called the shots in this relationship.

Indy nods, gets up to go.

MARION
Wait a minute. Leave the five thousand here.
(Indy hesitates)
You want trust, give some. I want to smell your money.

Indy thinks about this a moment, then reaches inside his shirt and pulls cash from a money belt. He lays five grand on the bar.

INDY
I trust you.

MARION
You're an idiot.

INDY
I've heard that.

Indy starts for the door. Marion takes another drink. She is getting high again.

MARION
Hold it. Come here.

INDY
(moving back)
Bossy, aren't you?

MARION
That's right. Give me a kiss.

Indy looks into her eyes, then leans over the bar and kisses her. In the middle of the kiss, Marion takes control, putting her fingers in his hair and pulling him closer for a kiss that is wild and rough. When the kiss ends, their faces are very close. Marion is flushed. She liked it and would like more. She raises her glass between them to discipline herself.

CONTINUED

52-B CONTINUED 52-B

INDY
(referring to the kiss)
You're still a snow leopard.

MARION
Are you complaining?

INDY
I never did.

MARION
Get out of my place.

Indy smiles and walks to the front door. Then, without looking back--

INDY
Tomorrow.

He's gone. Marion stares after him, thinking. She takes a drink. Then slowly, her hand comes up to loose the scarf that is draped around her throat. It falls away, revealing her graceful neck above the dipping top of her blouse. Hanging there on a chain against her white skin is a sun-shaped bronze medallion. A crystal is set in it, surrounded by raised markings. Marion lifts the medallion so she can see it in her hand, then looks thoughtfully after Indy.

53 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT

Indy sits thinking at the wheel of an old car. Finally, he puts his car in gear and drives away.

Across the street, the shadow in a doorway comes to life. A dark form steps out to look at Indy's departing car; it is the Second Nazi from the DC-3. He hurries off in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT 54

Marion stands before the fire that is shrinking in the fireplace. She jabs at it abstractedly with a poker, thinking. Suddenly tears well up in her eyes. She lets the poker slip from her hand, wipes away the tears. She walks across the room to the end of the bar, still cluttered with bottles and glasses, and stops at the pile of American money Indy has left. She takes the chain from around her neck and lets the medallion slide off it into her hand. She places it on the bar next to the pile of money. thinking. Then, having reached some decision, she

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED 54

picks up the pile of bills, walks up the back of the bar and pulls the small wooden box from under the bar. She flips open the top, puts the cash inside and closes the top. She leaves the box on the bar and starts back toward the medallion. The front door of the saloon bursts open and Four Bad Men come in. Marion, halfway between two valuable possessions and not wishing to draw attention to either, stops where she is.

The Four Bad Men who advance on her are:

1.) the obvious leader, a short, vile, sadistic German in spectacles by the name of TOHT.
2.) the trenchcoated SECOND NAZI.
3.) a ratty-looking NEPALESE and
4.) a mean MONGOLIAN. The second NAZI and the MONGOLIAN both carry submachine guns.

TOHT
Good evening, Fraulein.

MARION
The bar's closed.

TOHT
We are not thirsty.

The Mongolian and the Nepalese poke around, checking to make sure there's no one else there.

Down at the end of the bar, the medallion lies partially hidden by surrounding glasses and bottles. The Second Nazi stops very near it, but turns his back to it to face Toht and Marion.

MARION
What do you want?

TOHT
The same thing your friend Dr. Jones wanted. Surely he told you there would be other interested parties.

Marion shakes her head.

TOHT
Ah, the man is nefarious. I hope for your sake he has not yet acquired it.

MARION
Why, are you willing to offer more?

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED 54

TOHT
Almost certainly. Do you still have it?

MARION
No. But I know where it is.

Toht's smile fades at this news. He's not a patient sort. Marion is chilled by his look. She turns and moves to the shelf of bottles behind her, reaching high for one, very near the large stuffed raven. Her hand lingers there a moment and we see--

From an angle behind the stuffed raven, that the left wing spread hides a Baretta automatic pistol. Marion's hand is very near it, but withdraws with only a whiskey bottle as the Mongolian walks toward her behind the bar.

Marion opens the bottle before Toht, who watches her intently.

MARION
How 'bout a drink for you and your men?

The Second Nazi lights up at this suggestion. Toht gives him a withering look.

TOHT
We will stick to the business at hand, Fraulein.

MARION
(tough)
Fine. Why don't you come back tomorrow when Jones is here and we'll have an auction?

Toht gives her a cold look then turns and walks over toward the fireplace. As soon as his back is turned, the Second Nazi grabs the nearest whiskey bottle and takes a quick pull. In so doing, he leaves the medallion completely exposed. Marion is aware of this as she looks at him. But he quickly puts the bottle down again, obscuring the medallion, when Toht speaks from the fireplace.

TOHT
I'm afraid an auction is not possible.
(pause)
Your fire is dying here, Fraulein.
(a beat, then threatening)
Why don't you tell us where the piece is right now?

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED 54

MARION
Listen, Herr Mac, I don't know who you're used to dealing with, but no one tells me what to do in my place.

Toht, still looking in the fire, sneers and shakes his head.

TOHT
Americans! You're all alike. Fraulein Ravenwood, I'll show you what I'm used to.

He motions with his hand. The Mongolian moves up behind Marion and lifts her roughly over the top of the bar, knocking over bottles and spilling liquor. He deposits her on the other side, where the Nepalese and the Second Nazi flank her and hold her cruelly, arms behind her back. Marion raises a ruckus.

Toht turns from the fireplace. In his hand is the poker, its end glowing orange. He advances on Marion. Marion stops yelling, her eyes widen in terror.

MARION
Wait! I can be reasonable--

TOHT
That time is passed.

The glowing poker point moves inexorably across the room toward Marion's face.

MARION
You don't need that. I'll tell you everything!

TOHT
Yes, I know you will.

Toht has no intention of stopping now. The glowing tip is approaching Marion's face. The Nepalese watches with savage glee.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED 54

The tip of the poker is five inches from Marion's nose when there is a loud CRACK! and the fall of Indy's bullwhip wraps around the middle of the poker and tears it out of Toht's hands. The poker sails high across the room, free of the whip, and lands in the heavy curtains that cover one window. The curtains immediately burst into flame.

The Four Bad Men look in surprise toward the front entrance. Indy is poised there, the whip in his right hand, a .45 automatic raised toward them in his left.

INDY
Hello.

Now everything begins to happen very fast--

The Mongolian has just come around the bar at the end opposite the medallion. He dives back to crouch behind the end of the bar, raising his submachine gun.

Toht and the Second German dive behind tables near the bar. The Nepalese is slower to leave Marion, he draws a Luger. Indy's .45 barks and the Nepalese dies spinning against the bar. Indy fires in the direction of the Mongolian.

Marion swings up over the top of the bar. Toht fires at her, but his bullets smash bottles behind the bar and thud into the raven.

Marion flattens out on the floor behind the bar as bullets hit above her. She reaches up, snatches the axe handle from where Mohan left it, and begins crawling down the length of the bar toward--

The Mongolian, who sticks his submachine gun out and fires blindly in Indy's direction.

Indy is in a crouch behind a table, trying to get a shot at someone. He doesn't notice in the din and confusion when the door bursts open. An incredible, fearsome GIANT SHERPA, almost seven feet tall, soars in and tackles Indy from behind. The whip flies from Indy's hand as he and the Giant Sherpa roll across the floor, upsetting furniture.

The Mongolian, seeing this, stands up confidently. Marion rises behind him and bashes him over the head with the axe handle. He goes down and out.

Fire has completely engulfed the curtains and is working across the ceiling on decorative yak skin bunting. A burning fragment drops to the top of the bar, which immediately

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED 54

lights up, fueled by the spilled alcohol. Full whiskey bottles explode like Molotov cocktails.

Rolling on the floor, Indy and the Giant Sherpa are fighting for control of Indy's .45. Toht sees this and shouts to the Second Nazi, who is rising from cover with submachine gun in hand.

TOHT
Shoot them both!

SECOND NAZI
He's our man!

TOHT
Do as I say!

Both the Giant Sherpa and Indy hear this. The Giant Sherpa exchanges an alarmed look with Indy and together they swing the .45 around toward the surprised Second Nazi. Two blasts blow him away.

That done, Indy brings a brass spittoon down on the Giant Sherpa's wrist and the .45 slides away. Indy jumps up and kicks the Giant Sherpa, who barely seems to feel it. He grabs Indy and flips him effortlessly onto a table.

Toht now has a clear shot at Indy. He raises his Luger.

Marion, at the end of the bar, finally gets the hang of the Mongolian's submachine gun. It roars to life in the general direction of the ceiling.

Toht runs for cover as Marion gets control of the gun and levels it. Toht dives around the end of the bar opposite Marion. When he has set himself, he peeks up over the edge of the scorched bar. The alcohol fire has moved down the bar and now, much to Toht's surprise, he finds himself staring at the fire-blackened sun-shaped medallion! His eyes widen. He cannot believe his good fortune. Without hesitation he picks up the metal medallion, palming it. Immediately there is a sickening searing sound and Toht's expression changes from joy to agony. He screams in pain and tries to shake the red-hot medallion from his skin. Marion opens up and the bar starts to splinter in front of Toht. The medallion comes free of Toht's hand and rolls across the floor.

Toht has had enough. In excruciating pain, he turns, sees a window, runs and dives through the glass.

An exhausted Indy uses his whole body to upend the Giant Sherpa, who lands hard on his back. They are surrounded by flames.

55 EXT. "THE RAVEN" - SNOW BANK - NIGHT 55

Toht has his burned hand stuck deep in the snow. Now he withdraws it, steaming, and scurries off into the night like a wounded animal.

56 INT. "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT 56

Marion throws down the empty submachine gun and moves through the flames to the center of the bar where she left the box with the five grand. She finds the remains of the box and its contents: a shapeless pile of ash and charred wood.

MARION
Unbelievable!

At the end of the bar, the Mongolian has come back to life. He shakes out his head, then reaches inside his coat and pulls out a Mauser pistol.

Indy smashes a chair over the head of the Giant Sherpa and the huge creature goes down.

The Mongolian points his Mauser through the smoke and flame at Indy. Suddenly, the Mongolian is shot dead.

Marion stands beneath her stuffed raven with the Baretta.

Indy moves quickly through the flames, his eyes scanning the floor. He picks up his bullwhip and his crumpled felt hat. He peers through the smoke till he spots Marion moving among the burning furniture.

INDY
Let's get out of here!

MARION
Not without that piece you want!

INDY
It's here?

Marion nods, kicks aside a burning chair. Another burning beam falls from the roof. Indy pulls Marion close to him protectively.

INDY
Forget it! I want you out of here. Now!

He begins dragging her out.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED 56

MARION
(pointing)
There!

She breaks away from him, darts back and picks the hot medallion up in the loose cloth of her blouse.

INDY
Let's go!

MARION
(looking around)
You burned down my place!

INDY
(figuratively)
I owe you plenty!

MARION
(literally)
You owe me plenty!

INDY
(smiles)
You're something!

MARION
I am something. And I'll tell you exactly what--

She holds up the medallion possessively.

MARION
I'm your partner!

57 EXT. CAIRO - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 57

First we see the sprawl, the soaring minarets, the ancient skyline. Then we're closer, in the narrow, exotic streets, teeming with life: fierce-looking men in tattered galabiyas, black-gowned women with veiled faces, ragged, barefoot children.

58 OMITTED 58

59 INT. DINING ROOM - SALLAH'S HOUSE (OLD CAIRO) 59

Indy and Marion have been welcomed like family into the crowded home of SALLAH, his wife FAYAH, and their NINE CHILDREN (ages 4 to 18). Fayah, a huge, imposing woman, appears, at first glance, to be the power in the house. Sallah, a small, cheerful, energetic fellow in his forties defers to his wife in all matters of little importance.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED 59

Suddenly the general liveliness at the children's table escalates into pandemonium, attracting the attention of the adults.

FAYAH
Silence!
(there is silence)
Why do you forget yourselves?

The gaggle of grinning off-spring parts to reveal in their midst--a MONKEY. It is munching some flat Arab bread.

FAYAH
What is this? Who brought this animal in?

All the children chatter their innocence at once. The Monkey chatters too; it's an entertainer. The Monkey jumps from the children's table to the adults' and struts slowly up toward Marion, who thinks it's the cutest thing she ever saw. When it reaches her, it takes off its turban and does a deep, grand bow to her. She is delighted and takes the Monkey into her arms. The Monkey kisses her cheek. The children laugh.

MARION
Why, thank you. I like you too.

FAYAH
Then it shall be welcome in our house.

MARION
Oh, no! You don't have to have it around if you don't want it--

SALLAH
(cheerfully)
All of Allah's creatures are welcome here. You please us by letting us please you.

60 OMITTED 60

61 EXT. COURTYARD - SALLAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 61

Indy and Sallah sit in the small, protected courtyard. Sallah holds the two sections of the headpiece, the medallion and the base, and has for the first time fitted them together. They fit perfectly and complete the headpiece. He peruses the markings on the headpiece quizzically. Indy is cleaning and loading a .45 automatic.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED 61

INDY
I knew the Germans would hire you, Sallah. They couldn't have an excavation in the desert without the best digger in Egypt.

SALLAH
All Arabs look alike to them, Indy.

INDY
Tell me about the map room at Tanis.

SALLAH
We found it three days ago. I broke through myself.

INDY
Those Nazis are moving awfully fast.

SALLAH
The Frenchman is helping them.

Indy reacts.

INDY
Belloq. So he got away from the Indians. This is going to be more interesting than I thought.

SALLAH
I'm afraid this has put the Germans close to finding the Well of the Souls.

INDY
(indicates the headpiece)
Even Belloq won't be able to find it without that. Can you make anything of those markings? They're nothing I'm familiar with.

SALLAH
(shakes his head "no")
But I know someone who might. You can go to see him tomorrow.
(a worried expression)
Indy...something bothers me.

INDY
What is it, my friend?

Sallah finds it hard to say. When he finally speaks, his words are accompanied by a strange, eerie, foreboding rush of wind through the courtyard. Just a coincidence we might suppose.

CONTINUED

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SALLAH
It is the Ark. If it is there, at Tanis...It is not something man was meant to disturb...Death has always surrounded it. It is not of this earth.

The wind dies down. Indy shakes off a chill and stares thoughtfully at his friend.

62 INT. BEDROOM - SALLAH'S HOUSE 62

Indy's and Marion's suitcases and other things lay where they were left. The Monkey is all alone in the room and has been gathering up every loose piece of paper. Now it stuffs another scrap into the satchel on its back.

63 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 63

Indy, Marion and the Monkey, on Marion's shoulder, walk briskly through the crowd.

INDY
Did we need the monkey?

MARION
Is that any way to talk about our baby? She got all your looks, Daddy.

INDY
And your brains.

MARION
I'm surprised you haven't found a nice girl to settle down with and raise eight or nine kids.

INDY
Who says I haven't?

Marion experiences a momentary panic, her eyes flashing over his face to see if it's true. She relaxes.

MARION
Nah. You couldn't take the responsibility. Dad had you figured.

INDY
How was that?

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MARION
He said you were a bum.

INDY
He was being generous.

MARION
...The most gifted bum he ever trained. He loved you. It took a hell of a lot for you to alienate him.

INDY
Not so much. Just you.

MARION
Maybe you should have picked on someone your own size.

They reach a fork in the street. As they head down one branch, the Monkey suddenly leaps from Marion's shoulder and runs away down the other branch.

MARION
Hey, come back here! Where are you going?
(to Indy)
Let's go get him.

Indy dismisses that with a look.

INDY
Will you hurry up?

Marion casts a disappointed look after the Monkey and then hurries along with Indy.

64 EXT. THE OTHER FORK - DAY 64

The Monkey hurries along the sidewalk to a corner, where he pops up into the arms of a sinister, waiting MONKEY MAN. The Monkey, incredibly, salutes his master with an unmistakable, raised-hand "Heil, Hitler" motion and chatters away. Monkey Man turns and cuts quickly into an alley which runs parallel to the fork Indy and Marion have taken. He stops at a break in the buildings and looks through to that street. In a moment, Indy and Marion pass by the break. Monkey Man turns and looks up at a roof further down the alley. He waves with his hand. Someone up there waves back.

65 EXT. A SMALL BAZAAR - DAY 65

Indy and Marion have reached a tiny square, made even more cramped by its use as a small bazaar. They have started working their way through the crowd when several Bad Arabs and German Agents begin to converge on them. Indy immediately sees what's happening and pulls the bull whip from his jacket. The first Bad Arab to reach them gets hit in the mouth by the handle of the whip. Now all hell breaks loose, with Bad Arabs, Innocent Shoppers, baskets of fruit and tables of goods flying every which way in the constricted space.

INDY
(to Marion)
Run! Get out of here!

Indy catches a dagger-wielding Bad Arab around the legs with the whip and flips him. Marion has not run. She has snatched a broom from a nearby stall and swung it wide in time to catch a Bad Arab, rushing Indy from behind, square in the throat, clotheslining him. He goes down and out.

INDY
Go, dammit! Go!

MARION
Not without you!

A new Bad Arab drops down from an overhang, axe in hand. Indy swings the whip and the Bad Arab jumps high enough to avoid it. He lands, grinning evilly, and is promptly thwacked across the back of the knees by Marion's broom. He goes down in agony and Marion jumps on his chest. She raises the broom above her head to deliver the coup de grâce. Suddenly a sword flashes through, amputating the broom inches above her grip. Marion swings down on the prone Bad Arab and is shocked by her newly shortened weapon. She turns with frightened eyes to a huge, looming Bad Arab, his sword poised to do her the same as her broom. As he starts to swing, Indy's whip wraps murderously around his neck and he dies standing. Marion gasps at the sight and is immediately yanked away. Indy has her firmly by the arm and he flings her bodily through the doorway in a high wall. He slams the heavy wooden gate closed behind her, sliding the big bolt quickly into place. He turns just in time to put his foot into the chest of a German Agent and send him sprawling.

66 EXT. BEHIND THE HIGH WALL - DAY 66

Marion bangs angrily on the wooden gate, but can't budge it. She looks around for access back into the bazaar. She is standing at the corner of a building; narrow walkways lead off perpendicularly from where she stands. She has taken a few steps along the one which runs b[illegible]

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the bazaar when a Bad Arab appears down there. Marion retreats and runs up the other walkway, between two buildings and away from the bazaar. The Bad Arab gives chase.

Marion runs along the narrow space and soon encounters a five foot wall. She flops over it. The Bad Arab is right on her heels. He reaches the wall and vaults over. On the other side of the wall, the Bad Arab lands in a crouch, looks ahead and doesn't see Marion. Immediately a heavy earthen pot smashes over his head, putting him out. Marion steps from an alcove and starts to run toward the street at the other end of the walkway. Suddenly another Bad Arab and a new German Agent appear in the street at that end. Before they can spot her, Marion retreats to the alcove again. There is a huge rattan basket sitting there. Marion climbs in and closes the top above her.

The only witness: The Monkey, who is now perched on the five foot wall.

67 EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY 67

Chaos. An entire booth of pots and pans collapses on a Bad Arab and a German Agent as Indy whips away a support.

68 EXT. BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS - DAY 68

The chattering Monkey leads a German Agent and two Bad Arabs to Marion's hiding place, gesturing manically.

69 EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY 69

Indy ducks under the swinging blade of a huge Arabian sword and kicks the Bad Arab Swordsman in the groin.

70 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY 70

The German Agent leads the way as the two Bad Arabs carry the huge basket above their heads. The basket top has been fastened closed, but Marion is making a fuss inside. At the place where the street cuts across the far side of the bazaar, Marion is able to wedge the top open one inch and scream--

MARION

Indy-y-y-y!

71 EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY 71

Indy has heard her. He looks across the square as the basket and its escorts disappear beyond a building. One last Bad Arab rises before him. Indy's whip flashes and the Bad Arab's robe falls down to his ankles. Indy frantically pushes his way through the panicked mass of humanity in the direction the basket has gone.

72 EXT. THE FOOT CHASE - INTERCUTTING INDY AND THE MOVING BASKET - DAY 72

The Bad Guys move the basket as fast as they can through streets, alleys and passageways thick with people. Indy always seems to round a corner just in time to catch a glimpse of the basket before it disappears around a new corner. Indy must fight a flow of humanity as powerful as an ocean riptide. Finally, at the head of one particularly crowded alley, Indy leaps up onto a wall for a clearer view. Whatever he sees gives him an idea and he cuts between two buildings rather than following the basket. He begins to hear a WEIRD SOUND: an eerie combination of KEENING and CHANTING.

73 EXT. DESERTED ALLEY - DAY 73

The WEIRD SOUND is louder here. Two Bad Arabs come running down the Alley with the basket between them. Suddenly, Indy's whip flashes out sending both Arabs and the basket tumbling. Indy steps into view, his .45 trained on the sprawled Arabs, and looks at the basket. The top has come flying off and the contents have clattered onto the cobblestones: inside is not Marion, but a load of contraband pistols, rifles and amno. Indy is advancing on the trembling Bad Arabs with an ugly look when suddenly, somewhere in the midst of that WEIRD SOUND, he hears Marion scream around the corner.

74 EXT. SQUARE OF THE MISFITS - DAY 74

Indy rounds the corner and is engulfed by the WEIRD SOUND. It is as if he had stepped into another, parallel world--stronger and more malignant than our own. The large square is ringed by the mangy, wretched offal of Cairo society, those Misfits the ordinary people want always to avoid. They huddle against every inch of wall space in their filthy robes. And right now their attention is focused on one of those rare intrusions from the outside--

The funeral procession of a prominent man is crossing, diagonally across the square, headed for the corner at which Indy has just appeared. It blocks his view of the

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other side of the square. The procession is large and long, from the KEENING women at the lead twirling their handkerchiefs over their heads, back past fikee priests CHANTING from the Koran, past the riderless horses of the coffin bearers, to the MOANING relatives and servants and, finally, the sacrifcial buffalo at the rear. And at the center, of course, held aloft by the bearers, the coffin of the honored dead man. It is right in front of that coffin that a small break develops in the parade and Indy sees, beyond--

Two Bad Arabs hurrying toward a canvas-covered truck at the far corner of the square. Between them they carry a large rattan basket, with Marion screaming inside, her cries mixing chillingly with those of the Mourners.

No sooner has Indy spotted this than he is suddenly under a torrent of machine gun fire. A German Agent is firing--through the funeral procession--from the cab of the truck. Chaos erupts in the square! The Misfits and the Mourners fly about looking for safety as Indy zig-zags through them to the cover of a stone well, dodging bullets. Only the CHANTING fikee priests and the coffin bearers hold their ritual ground, as though their songs would keep them inviolate in the rain of lead. But as the German Agent follows Indy's run, he finally rakes the coffin itself with bullets, shattering it above the bearers heads. This is too much for the priests and the bearers, who scatter. The coffin crashes to the ground and the mummified corpse rolls across the cobblestones. The KEENING of all the scattered Mourners rises suddenly at this sight.

Indy squeezes off a couple of shots as the two Bad Arabs disappear behind the truck. A black sedan races off. Bullets pock Indy's well. He ducks, then looks up to see the rattan basket being heaved into the back of the truck.

75 EXT. BACK OF THE TRUCK - DAY 75

What Indy cannot see is that the basket lands among an ominous load of German munitions, dynamite and firearms. The truck immediately peels out.

76 EXT. DESERTED SQUARE - DAY 76

The German Agent has stopped firing in order to drive. He floors it, aiming for a street at one corner of the square. Indy uses the lull to take careful aim at the German Agent's

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profile and fire off three careful shots. The German Agent is hit, blasted dead against the steering wheel. The speeding truck swerves, hits a wall, rolls over and explodes in an enormous, multi-leveled eruption as its contents ignite. Several surrounding buildings are leveled.

Indy, blown back across the square, looks on, astounded and horror-stricken.

INDY
Marion.

77 INT. ARAB BAR - NIGHT 77

A dark, smoke-filled den of iniquity. The patrons, almost all fearsome Arabs, sit in small shadowy groups around the room. Indy stands at the bar finishing off a fifth of bourbon. He is drunk. The Monkey hops quietly onto the bar beside him. At first Indy doesn't notice it. The Monkey puts a consoling paw on Indy's arm. Indy looks at the Monkey. The Monkey looks at Indy. There is a moment between them. Indy's old annoyance with the creature is gone. Now it reminds him of Marion. He lifts his glass and--almost toasts the Monkey. The Monkey touches its cap.

The ARAB BARTENDER comes up. When he sees the Monkey on his bar he makes a threatening motion and shoos it angrily in Arabic. The Monkey moves closer to Indy and Indy puts a protective hand on it, eyeing the Arab Bartender malevolently.

INDY
(indicating the Monkey)
She's with me.

The Arab Bartender thinks Indy's both drunk and crazy. He doesn't argue. Instead he places a new bottle of expensive bourbon in front of him. Indy eyes it queerly.

ARAB BARTENDER
The gentleman in the corner sent it. He would like you to join him.

INDY
(doesn't even look)
Too bad. I'm drinking alone.

The Arab Bartender does a take, looking at the three, tough GERMAN HENCHMEN who have surrounded Indy from out of the smoke, their hands stuffed in bulging trenchcoat

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pockets. Indy notices them now with a bleary glance. He decides he's in no shape to kill or be killed and moves with them across the room, taking his bottle and the Monkey with him. The Arab patrons take this in and mind their own business.

The occupant of the smoke-shrouded corner table becomes visible only as Indy reaches there: it is Rene Belloq. He is drinking wine and he is toying with a cheap watch and chain.

INDY
Belloq.

BELLOQ
Good evening, Dr. Jones.

INDY
I ought to kill you right now.

BELLOQ
It was not I who brought the girl into this dirty business.

Indy knows its true; that's what's tearing him up.

BELLOQ
Sit down, please, before you fall down. We can behave as civilized people. I'm afraid it will be your last opportunity.

Indy sits, glancing at the German Henchmen, who settle nearby, just out of earshot. The Monkey hops into the third seat at the table and watches the men.

INDY
Not a very private place for murder.

BELLOQ
(looking around)
These Arabs will not interfere in the white man's business. They do not care if we kill each other off.
(takes a sip of wine, indicates the Monkey)
Your taste in friends remains consistent.

Indy takes a drink. Belloq watches him with disdainful amusement.

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BELLOQ
How odd that it should end this way for us, after so many...stimulating encounters. I almost regret it. Where shall I find a new adversary so close to my own level?

INDY
Try the local sewer.

BELLOQ
I know you despise me. We always hate in others that which we most fear in ourselves. And you and I are very much alike.

INDY
Now you're getting nasty.

BELLOQ
We have always done the same kind of work. Archeology is our religion, yet we have both fallen from the pure faith. Our methods have not differed as much as you pretend. I am a shadowy reflection of you. But it would have taken only a nudge to make you the same as me, to push you out of the light.

There's a certain amount of truth to this; the recognition of it flickers across Indy's bleary eyes. Belloq sees it there.

BELLOQ
You know it to be true! How nice.
(he picks up the watch)
Look at this...worthless. Ten dollars from a vendor on the street. But take it out there and bury it in the sand for a thousand years. It becomes priceless. Men will kill for it...Men like you and me.

Belloq leans forward, eyes shining, voice suddenly different.

BELLOQ
Do you realize what the Ark is?
(very intense)
It's a transmitter. A radio for talking to God! And now it is within my grasp.

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INDY
What about your boss, Der Fuhrer? I thought he was waiting to take possession.

Belloq glances into the gloom at the German Henchmen.

BELLOQ
(quieter)
When the time is right. When I am finished with it.

INDY
I hope your friends are patient. Dangerous work, Belloq.

BELLOQ
Yes. Very. You may consider yourself fortunate that your involvement concludes here.

INDY
Tell me, did you get away with the idol?

BELLOQ
(negative)
I was lucky to get away with my life. The Hovitos proved quite narrow-minded about the whole matter.

Indy takes a drink.

INDY
You know, if it's God you want to talk to, maybe I can arrange it.

BELLOQ
(smiles)
You have not changed. But, please, do not reach for your weapon until you are ready to die.

The front door of the bar slams open and all nine of SALLAH'S CHILDREN scamper in and over to a surprised Indy. Two of the smallest hop into his lap.

LITTLE SON
Uncle Indy, we have been looking for you.

LITTLE DAUGHTER
Come home now, Uncle. Hurry!

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Suddenly the Arab patrons of the bar take an intense interest in the situation, shifting their weapons.

INDY
Yes. Yes, I'll come now.

Indy stands up. The German Henchmen are poised. Belloq eyes the Arab patrons and signals for the Henchmen to relax.

BELLOQ
Next time, Indiana Jones, it will take more than children to save you.

The children usher Indy and the Monkey out.

78 INT. SALLAH'S TRUCK - IN FRONT OF ARAB BAR - NIGHT 78

Indy climbs into the cab of Sallah's truck with a smiling Sallah as the children pile into the back. Sallah pulls out.

SALLAH
I thought we would find you there.
(indicating the kids)
Better than the United States Marines, eh?

INDY
(nods)
Thank you.
(grave)
Marion's dead.

SALLAH
Yes, I know. I am sorry.
(pause)
More reason than ever to beat the bastards.
(he touches Indy)
Life goes on, Indy.
(indicates the kids again)
There is the proof.

Indy looks back there, nods.

SALLAH
I have much to tell you, Indy. We will take them home. Then you and I will go to see the old man.

79 EXT. ARAB BAR - NIGHT 79

The Monkey Man has been watching the departing truck from the shadows. Now he kicks a motorcycle to life and follows at a safe distance.

79-A EXT. THE HOUSE OF IMAM - NIGHT 79-A

The house of Imam -- an astronomer-priest-scholar in his seventies--stands on a rise at the edge of Cairo. There is something unusual about its construction, the way it seems to embrace the vast Egyptian sky around it. Something less tangible than the large opening in its roof, under which sits a primitive telescope.

The front door is held open now for Sallah, Indy and the Monkey by Abu, Imam's teenage boy apprentice. Imam himself, in worn robes, stands a few feet back to bow his greeting. Abu closes the door.

The Monkey Man materializes from the darkness and moves around the house.

80 INT. KITCHEN AREA - HOUSE OF IMAM - NIGHT 80

Abu, alone in the partioned area, rinses off some dates in a collander in the sink. He shakes them out and dumps them in a bowl on the counter near the back door, then turns his attention to a tray containing a decanter of wine and some glasses. He picks it up and hurries out to the living area. The back door opens and the Monkey Man peeks in. Focusing on the nearest target, the bowl of dates, he produces a scary-looking bottle and pours a clear liquid over the wet dates. He hears Abu returning and hurries out the back door. Abu notices the cracked back door, bolts it closed and goes back to preparing dinner.

81 INT. LIVING AREA - HOUSE OF IMAM - NIGHT 81

Imam sits at a work table examining the headpiece with squinted eyes. Occasionally he makes a mark on a piece of paper and takes another sip of wine. Across the room, Sallah lounges on some pillows; on his lap, innocent and content, the Monkey is being petted. Indy paces nearby, speaking to Sallah in hushed tones so as not to disturb the old man.

INDY
I can't understand how Belloq did it. Where could he have gotten a copy of the headpiece? There are no pictures, no duplicates anywhere.

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SALLAH
I tell you only what I saw with my own eyes...a headpiece like that one, except around the edges, which were rougher. In the center the Frenchman had imbedded a crystal. And surrounding the crystal on one side were raised markings, just like those.

Abu brings in a tray of food and puts it on the table. The bowl of dates is in one corner. As Abu leaves the room, the Monkey slips out of Sallah's lap and disappears under the table. Indy leans over the food tray, his hand hovering over the dates. But he chooses some cheese and bread instead.

INDY
And they made the calculation in the map room?

SALLAH
(nods vigorously)
This morning. Belloq and the boss German, Dietrich. When they came out of the map room, we were given a new spot in which to dig... out away from camp.

INDY
(resigned)
The Well of the Souls.

Sallah nods, moves to the food. He picks up a date, then changes his mind and drops it, taking a bunch of grapes instead. Indy picks up a chicken leg in one hand and a date in the other, his mind distracted. Abu enters the room just in time to see Indy flip the date high into the air and try to catch it in his mouth. It bounces off his chin and falls to the floor. Indy looks sheepishly at Abu. Abu picks up the fallen date and puts it in the dirty ash tray he is now removing. Imam speaks in a slow, raspy voice without looking up.

IMAM
Come. Look.

The two men go and huddle over the old man. The Monkey peeks up over the edge of the table at the array of food. He picks up a date and disappears below the table. Imam points to the raised markings on the headpiece.

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81 CONTINUED 81

IMAM
This is a warning...not to disturb the Ark of the Covenant.

INDY
Just what I need.

The Monkey's paw comes up over the edge of the table and grabs another date.

INDY
What about the height of the staff? Did Belloq get it off of there?

IMAM
Yes...it is here.

Indy, nervous, goes back to the food tray, picks up another date. When he turns back to the men, the Monkey's paw grabs another date.

We see the headpiece in closeup on the table. Imam's crooked fingers travel over the raised markings around the crystal.

IMAM
This was the old way...this means six kadam high. (X)

SALLAH
About seventy-two inches.

IMAM
Wait! I am not finished...

Imam turns the medallion over. His fingers trace the raised markings--fewer in number--on that side.

IMAM
(reading)
"And one kadam to honor the Hebrew God whose Ark this is." (X)

Indy, still holding the date, exchanges a long look with Sallah.

INDY
You said only one side of their headpiece had markings. Are you absolutely sure?

Sallah nods.

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81 CONTINUED 81

INDY
Belloq's staff is twelve inches short. They're digging in the wrong spot!

Sallah and Indy begin to laugh. Imam gives them a glance and returns to his wine. Sallah leans over and kisses the old man.

SALLAH
(to Indy)
We have a saying--"A little luck is better than much smartness." Indy, my friend you are very lucky fellow.

Indy hoots. Then he takes the date in his hand and flips it high in the air. He opens his mouth to catch it, but it doesn't come down. He has inadvertently thrown it into a bowl of a hanging lamp. This makes the men laugh even harder.

Indy goes over and picks up another date. He turns laughing to Sallah and doesn't see as the Monkey's paw comes up, slowly, takes another date and begins to withdraw. Suddenly the paw is stricken with palsy and the unseen Monkey goes into its death throes. Sallah watches the paw as though hypnotized. Finally the paw slips from sight and we hear a solid THUMP! On the floor. Sallah walks around the table and looks at the floor. The Monkey lies dead among a mess of date pits.

Indy is in a happy world of his own. He throws his date high in the air. He positions himself under it and waits for it to drop in. Here it comes. Right on target. As it's about to disappear into Indy's mouth, Sallah's hand flashes in and grabs it. Indy looks mystified and disappointed. Sallah motions toward the dead Monkey.

SALLAH
Bad dates.

82 EXT. DESERT ROAD - MORNING 82

Two old trucks come down a narrow mountain road and onto the flat surface of the desert.

Further out into the desert, the one in the lead, Sallah's truck, stops and the second one, Omar's truck, pulls up beside it. There are a half dozen Arab Diggers in Omar's truck. Indy, dressed as an Arab, gets out of the cab of Sallah's truck and moves over to confer with OMAR, another old friend. They point off into the desert and reach some

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conclusion. Indy gives him a pat on the back; Omar turns off the road and drives into the desert with his workers. Indy hops back in the cab of Sallah's truck with Sallah. As they move down the road we see that the back of the truck holds three other Arab Diggers.

83 EXT. RISE ABOVE THE TANIS DIGS - MORNING 83

Indy and Sallah are lying in classic scouting fashion at the top of the rise looking down on the Tanis Digs. Down behind them, Sallah's truck is parked with the three Arab Diggers.

INDY
My god! They aren't kidding.

WHAT HE SEES. The Tanis Digs are laid out below like a painting. Trucks, bulldozers, Arab workers and German supervisors are everywhere. The excavations themselves are extensive and somewhat random--holes have been dug and then abandoned, foundations and passageways unearthed and then deserted. Beyond the main digs, a crude airstrip has been created. Sallah points to what appears to be a mound of dirt with a hole in it near the center of the activity.

SALLAH
There! That is the map room!

INDY
What time does the sun hit the map?

SALLAH
Just after eight.

INDY
We haven't got much time. Where are the Germans digging for the Well of the Souls?

Sallah points out into the desert a short way beyond the main area of activity. The desert turns to sand dunes out there, the surface undulating into the distance. Several trucks and men are out there and a bulldozer is lumbering noisily toward it.

INDY
Okay. Let's go.

84 EXT. THE TANIS DIGS - MORNING 84

Sallah's truck drives through the camp, one of the Arab Diggers at the wheel. Indy and Sallah are in back and look just like the other two Arab Diggers. Sallah's

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truck goes behind a tent and when it appears on the other side, Indy and Sallah are gone.

85 EXT. AMONG THE TENTS - MORNING 85

Indy and Sallah move stealthily among the tents. Indy carries a smooth wooden staff almost seven feet tall. They stop between two tents and look across a path at the entrance to the map room. What appeared to be a mound of dirt is actually the roof of the ancient building. The hole/entrance is a five-foot square skylight. Indy looks around, then walks casually to the edge of the hole and looks inside. Sallah joins him, producing a length of rope from his robes. Indy drops his staff into the unseen map room as Sallah ties the rope around an oil drum. When it's secure, Indy wastes no time disappearing down it into the map room.

86 INT. MAP ROOM 86

Indy is down the twenty feet to the floor of the room in seconds. He tugs on the rope and it immediately gets pulled up. Indy looks around with real wonder and excitement. The room is lovely, with elaborate wall carvings and frescoes, all lit by the bright stream of sunlight flooding in from above. This beam of light leads Indy's eye to the far end, and the room's truly remarkable feature: built into the floor in meticulour relief is a minature stone model of the ancient city of Tanis. Already, the sunlight has worked its way down the far wall and is edging onto the miniature of the city. On the floor, to the skylight side of the miniature, is an elaborate line created by embedded mosaic tiles. The evenly spaced slots in the line, each accompanied by a symbol of a time of year, are for the base of the staff. Indy pulls the headpiece from his robes and reaches for the staff.

87 EXT. ABOVE MAP ROOM - DAY 87

An extremely nervous Sallah has the gathered rope in his hands and is trying to appear casual as he inches back toward the oil drum. There is now a good bit of activity going on up here.

JEEP GERMAN (OS)
Hey! You, the skinny one!

Sallah jumps about three feet. The JEEP GERMAN is standing in an open space ten yards away looking at Sallah.

JEEP GERMAN
Yes, you. What are you doing there?

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Sallah gestures his innocence.

JEEP GERMAN
Well bring that rope over here, you cur.

The Jeep German starts back toward his major concern: his jeep is stuck in some sand beyond the next tent. Some Arab Workers are trying in vain to budge it. Now another German has backed his truck up to it. Sallah can think of nothing to do except obey. With a worried glance at the map room, he begins untying the rope from the oil drum.

88 INT. THE MAP ROOM 88

Indy is examining the results of Belloq's work. Red paint marks one of the miniature buildings in the layout and a white calibrated tape has been strung from that building back to a miniature of the map room. Now Indy begins examining the mosaic base line for the staff. Sunlight has moved further down across the miniature.

89 EXT. IN THE CAMP - DAY 89

Sallah watches nervously as his precious rope is pulled taut between the pulling truck and the stuck jeep. He doesn't notice that he has chosen to stand next to a large, steaming kettle of food until--

HUNGRY GERMAN (OS)
Bring us some of that!

He points to the kettle. Sallah looks frantically from the rope, back to the skylight of the map room, to the kettle of food.

HUNGRY GERMAN
Now, idiot!

Sallah picks up some serving pieces and gets to work.

90 INT. THE MAP ROOM 90

The moment has arrived. Even the tension of the circumstances cannot distract Indy from the purity of what he is about to do. All his calculations and adjustments complete, Indy takes the Staff of Ra and places it--CLICK!--in the right depression on the base line. This is an active and exciting a moment as any archaeologist can dream of and, at heart, that is exactly what Indy is. The sunlight

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED 90

catches the very top of the headpiece and moves within a fraction of an inch of the tiny hole in its sun.

The edge of the sunlight moving across the miniature city is still a good two feet beyond the spot Belloq has settled on. And now that line of light is broken by the shadow of the ornate sun at the top of the staff.

Indy's face reflects his concentration. And then his immense pleasure. He sees what he came for.

Out in the miniature city, one small building is being lit by a tiny beam of sunlight in the center of the shadow of the metal sun. And by some trick of ancient artistry, this one building responds to the sunlight like none of the others. The golden light permeates it; it seems to glow. The building is in a direct line with Belloq's--all the Frenchmen's other calculations were right--but it is a foot and a half beyond it.

91 EXT. IN THE CAMP - DAY 91

Sallah, sweating profusely, has finished serving the line of Breakfasting Germans and now heads back to replace the kettle and get away.

HUNGRY GERMAN
Water. Bring us water.

92 INT. MAP ROOM 92

Indy is on his knees at the miniature city, a special tape measure in his hand. Indy has the tape strung from Belloq's mistaken spot to his own correct spot. He gets his reading, leaps up and crosses to the erect staff. He pulls the headpiece off the staff and hides it in his robes. He quickly breaks the wooden staff in two and throws the pieces behind a pile of debris. Then he moves quickly to beneath the skylight.

INDY
(stage whisper)
Sallah.
(he waits, then louder)
Sallah!

More waiting. Nothing. Indy looks around for some alternative means of escape. The room doesn't offer any. He looks up at the skylight again.

INDY
(loudest)
Sallah!

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED 92

A long pause. Then something comes down. A makeshift rope. Really just a bunch of clothing tied together--tunics, robes, pants. But what we see first and most prominently, the first section of Indy's escape rope, is a bright Nazi flag. Indy beams and climbs.

93 EXT. ABOVE THE MAP ROOM - DAY 93

Indy sticks his head out the skylight, sees it clear and flops his body out. Sallah, crouching behind the oil drum, immediately starts pulling in the makeshift rope. Sallah stuffs the rope in the oil drum and the two men begin walking toward some tents.

HUNGRY GERMAN (OS)
Hey, you! More water over here.

Sallah glances at Indy, then hurries back in that direction. The Hungry German focuses on Indy.

HUNGRY GERMAN
Why aren't you at the digs? Come here!

Indy bows in wild subservience and hurries off in the opposite direction.

HUNGRY GERMAN
(yelling after him, irritated)
No, dummkopf, I said come!

94 EXT. BETWEEN TWO TENTS - DAY 94

Indy hustles between the tents. Up ahead, two German Officers stop to talk, blocking his exit. He moves along the side of one of the tents until he finds an opening and slips inside.

95 INT. THE TENT 95

Indy finds himself in a tent set up for rather comfortable living. He has just started to cross it when he hears loud, excited grunting. He turns toward the sound. In the corner, tied to a chair and gagged, is Marion. Indy rushes to her, snatches the gag from her mouth and embraces her. They kiss, deep and long.

INDY
I thought you were dead.

MARION
They were throwing me around like a rag doll.

95 CONTINUED 95

INDY
They must have switched baskets. Thank god for that! Bless those bastards. Have they hurt you?

This question brings a look of confusion to Marion's face, but Indy, embracing her does not see it.

MARION
No -- not hurt. They just asked about you -- what you knew.

Marion is wrestling with some private torment which Indy is moving too fast to notice.

MARION
Oh, Indy, get me out of here. Get me away from him. He's evil...

INDY
(pulling out a knife)
Who?

MARION
The Frenchman... Belloq.

Indy has grabbed a handful of rope and is about to cut when he stops suddenly, thinking.

MARION
What's wrong?

INDY
(putting away the knife)
I have to leave you here for a little while. I know where the Ark is. If I take you out of here they'll start combing the place for us.

MARION
(louder)
Cut me loose!

INDY
Keep your voice down.

MARION
(screaming)
I said get me out of--

Indy pops the gag back in her mouth. Her eyes widen in fury and she grunts obscenities at him.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED 95

INDY
Look, you don't know how glad I am to see you. And I don't like doing this. But the whole thing will be shot if you don't just sit here quietly. They haven't touched you in the last twenty-four hours, they aren't going to start now. I'll be back to get you in no time.

He kisses her forehead, jumps up and hurries out of the tent.

96 EXT. SAND DUNE OUTSIDE DIGS - DAY 96

With the digs behind them, Indy and Sallah run up to the ridge of the dune and over the top. At the bottom of the far side, Omar's truck is parked. Omar and his men are waiting.

97 EXT. DIFFERENT DUNES - DAY 97

This new spot gives Indy a higher, better view of the whole scene. Indy is using a surveyor's instrument to take a reading--

WHAT HE SEES. Looking through the instrument, Indy gets a line from the map room through the site where the Nazis are digging in the dunes to a spot several dunes over. We focus on that virgin spot of well-hidden sand as--

INDY
There!

98 EXT. INDY'S DIG - DAY 98

Omar's truck is parked at the spot just viewed from afar. Dunes rise on either side. One of Omar's men has been posted as a lookout up on a ridge. Everybody else--Indy, Sallah, Omar, and his men--have begun digging for the Well of the Souls.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE, NIGHT. They continue to dig furiously, all of them drenched in sweat. The hole has grown but this is slow, back-breaking work.

99 INT. COMMAND TENT - TANIS DIGS - NIGHT 99

Belloq, DIETRICH the ranking Nazi, and Dietrich's Aide, GOBLER, come into the tent, which is full of charts and maps, drawings of the Ark, radio equipment, liquor and food. The men have been out digging for the Well all day. They are tired, discouraged, testy. In all matters, Gobler shows his alliance with Dietrich against Belloq with small looks and body language. The Frenchman has disappointed them and he is feeling the isolation of a scapegoat. Belloq gets himself a drink as Dietrich towels off his face.

BELLOQ
I cautioned you about being premature with that communique to Berlin. Archaeology is not an exact science. It does not adhere to time schedules.

DIETRICH
The Fuhrer is not a patient man. He demands constant reports and he expects progress. You led me to believe--

BELLOQ
Nothing. I have made no promises. I said only that it looked very favorable. Perhaps the Ark will still be found in an adjoining chamber. Based on the information in our possession, my calculations were correct. Perhaps some bit of evidence still eludes us. Perhaps--

GOBLER
Perhaps the girl can help us.

Belloq shoots him an angry look.

DIETRICH
My feeling exactly. She was in possession of the original piece for years. She may know much.
(really evil)
If properly motivated...

BELLOQ
I tell you, she knows nothing useful.

DIETRICH
I'm surprised to find you squeamish. That is not your reputation. But it needn't concern you. I have the perfect man for this kind of work.

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED 99

Dietrich signals Gobler, who steps outside the tent a moment, calls someone and then reappears. Belloq looks warily at the entrance. After a moment Toht enters, reeking villainy. When his eyes find Dietrich, his superior, he snaps a crisp "Heil, Hitler!" at him, holding his palm rigid a long time, exposing a burned scar in the perfect shape of the sun medallion.

100 EXT. INDY'S DIG - NIGHT 100

The sky above is darkening oddly. Lightning has begun to concentrate on the spot. And in the eerie conjunction of lightning and torchlight, Indy and the other men step back in awe of their discovery: there, flush with the bottom of their pit, is a heavy stone entry door to an underground chamber. Special prying tools are produced. With two men assigned to each of the two long tools, they work in unison to open the vault. They open it a foot and the other men rush in to flop the heavy door completely open. Down inside, blackness. Then in a flash of lightning, the monstrous head of a giant jackal.

The men quickly prostrate themselves around the edge of the entry to look inside. Indy and Sallah each take a torch and hold them down the hole.

WHAT THEY SEE. The Well of the Souls is a spooky chamber thirty feet deep. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and carvings. The roof is supported intermittently by huge statues, the closest of which hits the roof very near the entry hole. The Well is quite large; as Indy and Sallah wave their torches, more and more of the room is revealed. Now the far end of the chamber comes into view. There is a stone altar down there and on this elaborately carved platform is a stone chest, big enough to enclose the LOST ARK and protect it from the ravages of time. This altar appears to be the only place on the floor of the Well that is not covered by a strange, dark carpet of some kind.

INDY
The Ark must be in that stone case. What's that gray stuff all over the floor--

He breaks off realizing exactly what that carpet is. He blanches. Indiana Jones blanches.

Indy drops his torch to the floor of the Well. This is answered by the most horrific HISSING imaginable.

WHAT HE SEES. That thick dark carpet is moving. It's alive. It's thousands and thousands of deadly poisonous snakes--Egyptian asps. And the only thing that seems capable of avoiding this venomous groundcover is the altar.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED 100

The snakes ebb and flow near it, but never encroach on it, as though repelled by some invisible force.

Indy shakes his head and talks to himself.

INDY
Why snakes? Why did it have to be snakes? Anything else.

After a moment of this, he stops. He gathers his energy and resolve and gets back to the task.

SALLAH
Asps. Very dangerous.

Where Indy's torch has landed is a circle of snake-free floor. The snakes hate the flame; they stay away.

INDY
Lots of torches. And oil. I want a landing strip down there.

101 INT. THE WELL OF THE SOULS 101

Fifteen torches have been dropped to the floor of the chamber, combining to make a good-sized clear zone. Smoke begins to fill the room. Several canisters of oil have been lowered into this space. Now, a large wooden crate is lowered slowly by rope. Rope handles are attached to each end of the crate.

Up at the hole, Indy gives Sallah a reassuring pat, takes a breath, and swings carefully onto a rope hanging from the hole. Despite his care, he swings a bit and his feet hit the statue which is so near the entry. Surprisingly, the statue actually moves a bit, showering a light rain of crumbled stone to the floor below.

Indy lands on the floor of the Well. He looks at the Altar over a sea of undulating death. He picks up an oil canister and splashes two parallel lines of oil and lights them. A path six feet wide begins to open to the altar. Behind Indy, Sallah comes quickly down the rope.

We begin to INTERCUT all the action in the Well from here on with insert shots of the snakes outside the flames. Snakes and snakes. We see: snakes piled and entwined six inches deep; mother snakes laying snake eggs; snake eggs hatching little snakes; snakes cannibalizing other snakes

102 OMITTED 102

103 INT MARION'S TENT - NIGHT 103

Marion looks up - shadow over her - a hand removes the gag and unties her hands. Food is put down in front of her but she makes a decision to move toward the door and a Guard steps in and watches.

GUARD
If you are thinking of escape...the desert on foot is three weeks in every direction. Please eat. You will need your strength.

Marion rushes to the food and starts eating voraciously... she picks up the knife to cut and this stops her a moment.

BELLOQ
I am sorry for their treatment of you.

MARION
Whose idea was it? No food - no water. What sort of people are these friends of yours?

BELLOQ
At this particular time and to my work, they are necessary evils.
(pause)
They're not my friends. However,
(then he takes out a dress)
If you have the proper ties...this part of the world is not entirely uncivilized.

Marion is at once attracted to the evening gown.

MARION
It's beautiful.

BELLOQ
I would like to see you in it...

She glances at the Guard who is smiling beneath his villainy and glances at the knife.

GUARD
(to Marion)
Alright.

Marion disappears behind the screen.

Marion is behind the screen and has quietly dressed and undressed, now in the process of tying her Ciaro clothes together with her belt for later use - she's all business with the clothes and then an "on camera" transition to "miss poise", and she floats into view and the dress is magnificent on her...

103 CONTINUED 103

She puts her old clothes on top of the knife and turns quickly.

MARION
What are you drinking?

BELLOQ
I have only Brandy.

She goes to the table, clears it -- upprights two glasses prepares and smiles at him.

MARION
You pour.

Marion's frightened look shifts suddenly to the entrance of the tent. There are new arrivals there-- Dietrich, Gobler and Toht. Toht carries a black leather case. He steps forward and smiles at Marion.

TOHT
We meet again, Fraulein.

104 EXT. MARION'S TENT - JUST BEFORE DAWN 104

Belloq comes out of the tent with a slightly disturbed backward look. He's not happy about what's about to happen in there. He wanders out toward the desert, his attention drawn to the rise which constitutes the horizon. There is an odd concentration of lightning centered over one particular spot. He eyes it quizzically.

105 INT. THE WELL OF THE SOULS 105

Indy and Sallah are on the altar. Pushing together with all their strength, the heavy stone top of the protective chest begins to slide away. Indy and Sallah exchange slightly wary but very excited looks, then continue to push. As the Ark begins to be exposed, the air seems almost to vibrate, to become electrostatically charged. We hear what sounds like a low HUM. The sea of snakes around the altar draws back further from this presence.

As the top of the stone chest is pushed completely off and slams down beside it, we see THE LOST ARK OF THE COVENANT. It is awesomely beautiful, breathtaking. 4 feet long, 2½ feet wide and 2½ feet high. Its height, however, is increased by the two sculptured gold angels mounted facing each other on the top. Though the body of the Ark is acacia wood, it has been overlaid with gold. An elaborate gold crown surrounds the top edge and gold carrying rings are attached to each corner.

Sallah is mesmerized by the sight. His hand starts to reach out and touch one of the angels, but Indy grabs it.

INDY
Don't touch it! Never touch it!

The wooden crate stands open next to the stone chest. Now Indy extracts the wooden poles from its rings and begins fitting them through the rings in the Ark. This takes some maneouvering by the two men, but soon they are able to lift the Ark clear of the stone chest and into the

105 CONTINUED 105

wooden crate. They extract the poles, fasten the top of the crate and stick the poles through the rings of the wooden crate. They start back toward the space under the hole.

The fire strips have begun to dwindle, as have some of the torches. The snakes move slowly in toward the clear spaces. Indy and Sallah eye them nervously as they hurry along with their heavy load. Under the hole, they hurriedly attach ropes to the wooden crate and it is pulled up. Indy's concentration is on the tide of snakes.

INDY
Hurry up! Why did it have to be snakes?

Sallah takes the next rope and climbs quickly out of the Well. Indy has picked up a torch and now throws it at a pool of snakes who are too close for his comfort. He turns and takes hold of the exit rope. He gives it a first tug and it falls down into the Well, landing partly beyond the ring of fire where it instantly disappears in a tangle of angry, hissing asps. Indy looks up at the hole.

INDY
What the--

Smiling down at him from the perimeter of the entry are Belloq, Dietrich, and Gobler.

BELLOQ
Why, Dr. Jones, whatever are you doing in such a nasty place?

Belloq, and the Germans laugh.

INDY
Why don't you fellows come down here? I'll show you.

BELLOQ
No thank you, my friend.
(he glances around him)
I think we all are very comfortable up here.

106 EXT. INDY'S DIG - DAWN 106

Sunlight is flooding this tableau: Sallah, Omar and his men are being held at bay by ten armed Nazis. The wooden crate sits safely nearby. Toht and another Nazi have the gagged Marion held in their rough grasp.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED 106

BELLOQ
(down to Indy)
Once again, Jones, what was briefly yours is now mine.
(his eyes flash around the Well)
What a fitting end to your life's pursuits! You're about to become a permanent addition to this archeological find.

As Belloq speaks, Dietrich exchanges a look with Toht. Toht smiles and takes the gag from Marion's mouth.

107 INT. WELL OF THE SOULS 107

Dietrich smiles down at Indy.

DIETRICH
I'm afraid we must be going now, Dr. Jones. Our prize is awaited in Berlin. But I do not wish to leave you down in that awful place...
(he gives a sign)
...all alone.

Toht and the Nazi move Marion to the hole and, to Belloq's surprise, push her in. Marion falls thirty feet screaming. Indy drops his torch, braces, and catches her! Her weight knocks him to the ground, almost into the snakes. She looks around at the snakes, clinging to him more desperately as he struggles to his feet trying to unload her.

MARION
Don't put me down!

Up at the hole, Belloq is irate.

BELLOQ
The girl was mine! I had plans for her.

DIETRICH
She is of no use to us. Only our mission for the Fuhrer matters.

Dietrich glances meaningfully at the other Nazis.

DIETRICH
I wonder sometimes, Monsieur, if you have that clearly in mind.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED 107

Belloq feels how much he is the outsider, his own vulnerability. He backs down with the wisdom of survival. He turns to look down at Indy and Marion. He exchanges a long, feeling look with Marion who gazes up with terrified eyes. (X)

BELLOQ (X)
It was not to be, mon ami.
(a pause, then with respect)
Indiana Jones...adieu!

Belloq and the others step back from the hole and unseen Nazis slam the heavy stone door into place. Marion screams. Her scream is accompanied by-- (X)

A huge WHOOSH! as air is sucked out and the chamber is sealed. Half of the torches still burning go out with the sound. The remaining torches continue to extinguish at punctuating intervals throughout the following action and the snakes immediately flood into the newly-darkened spaces. Indy puts Marion down and snatches up two burning torches. He hands one to Marion.

INDY
Don't panic. There's plenty of time for that later. You always wanted to be in the thick of it. (X)

MARION
Is it too late to change my mind? (X)
(looking around)
Oh god, this is the worst dream I ever had.

INDY
(indicating the torch)
Just wave that at anything that slithers. (X)

MARION
I got news for you, honey, the whole place is slithering. (X)

Indy holds his torch out like a lantern and begins a slow 360° turn, his eyes peering into the gloom, examining every inch of wall and ceiling.

MARION
What are you doing?

INDY
Just watch the floor.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED 107

Reminded of the encroaching snakes, Marion waves her torch at the nearest edge of their circle. She looks faint. Indy continues his slow turn.

MARION
Whatever you're doing, do it faster.

INDY
(he spots something)
There!

His head whips around, looking at the statues around the room. He sees what he wants. He grabs one of the oil canisters, looks back to the spot on the wall he's chosen and splashes oil on the floor in that direction, then lights it. A path opens toward that wall.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED 107

INDY
Come on!

Marion is frozen in her spot. Indy drags her after him. He splashes oil the rest of the way to the wall. It lights and Indy pulls Marion over to the wall. He pours the remaining oil in a circle around them, creating a safe zone there.

INDY
Stay here!

MARION
(grabbing him)
Where are you going?

INDY
I'll be back in a minute. We're going through this wall.

Marion looks at the wall, which looks like all the rest to her. She thinks he's crazy.

INDY
Just keep your eyes open and get ready to run. No matter what happens to me.

MARION
(panicked)
What do you mean?

Too late. Indy runs back through the path of flames to the center of the room. Snakes strike at his flying heels. Indy reaches the base of the statue which he touched briefly on his original descent. He uses his torch to clear away the scattered snakes climbing on it, then pulls out his whip. He draws it back, then wraps it solidly around the statue 15 feet up. With the torch in his mouth, he begins climbing the statue. It moves ominously under his weight.

The last two torches still burning on the floor go out. Now the only light in the chamber is provided by the torches held by Indy and Marion and the dwindling oil flames. Snakes move in and surround the base of Indy's statue. The path between Marion and the center of the room is overrun. The circle of flame around Marion is dying down. She looks beyond it with terror-widened eyes, then up through the increasing smoke at the distant Indy.

Near the top of the statue, Indy's hands strain along his taut whip, which he has moved higher. A snake slithers into view there, inches from Indy's straining face. Indy turns his head so the torch in his mouth can burn it. The

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED 107

snake falls from the statue. Indy's torch is dwindling. Indy works his body around so that he is on the side of the statue away from Marion. The statue moves, showering dust. Indy looks at the chamber wall five feet away, takes a breath and swings his legs up against it. He is now braced between statue and wall.

MARION (OS)
Where are you?!

Snakes are moving in force up the statue toward Indy's dwindling torch. Indy grasps the statue for dear life, grimaces with exertion and pushes against the wall with all he's got. The statue begins to break loose of the ceiling, then stops. Indy's eyes are on the torch. It is just a spot of flame now. Snakes are sliding up toward his hands. Indy again pushes against the wall and the torch falls out of his mouth.

The statue goes! In the dim light, we see it fall like a tree directly at Marion. Indy rides it down. The top hits the wall three feet from a cringing Marion and smashes through to a black chamber beyond. Indy flies off into the darkness. Gone. Marion clutches her torch at the black hole.

MARION
Indy! Where are you?! Please Lord!

There is a moment that seems an eternity, then Indy appears like an apparition out of the void.

INDY
Come on!

He grabs her and helps her over the remains of the wall into--

108 INT. THE CATACOMBS 108

The winding string of connected chambers is revealed to them only a few feet at a time as their torch lights the way.

MARION
The snakes...are they here?

INDY
I guess not. I think I'd be dead.

MARION
Do you know where you're going?

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED 108

INDY
Absolutely.

MARION
Thank god. Where?

INDY
Out.

They round a corner and flush a covey of bats. Marion screams.

INDY
Don't do that. It scares me.

Marion gives him a look. They round a corner and begin a walk through a maze of chambers that present for their inspection: moldering mummies and stacked sarcophagi; a room decorated with a thousand human skulls; a wall crawling with huge scarabaeid beetles.

MARION
I can't believe this smell.

INDY
You're complaining?

MARION
I think I'm going to be sick.

INDY
Great, that'd cap this experience nicely.

MARION
This is the worst place I've ever been.

INDY
No, back there was the worst place you've ever been.

MARION
But you know what, Indy? If I had to pick somebody to be here with...

INDY
(understands)
Got you.

MARION
That's right, you do.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED 108

Marion jumps when Indy grabs her suddenly and points.

INDY
Look!

WHAT THEY SEE. There, coming through the crack in the corner of the next chamber, is white blessed sunlight.

109 EXT. THE TANIS DIGS - NEAR AIRSTRIP - DAY 109

Indy and Marion peek out into the light from the shadows of an abandoned excavation. Before them is the improvised airstrip serving the digs: a crude runway, a tent supply depot, two fuel tank trucks. Down by the fuel trucks a German Mechanic is looking skyward. Now Indy and Marion look there too, drawn by the roaring sound of--

A Flying Wing, which is circling over the digs in preparation to landing.

Now a new figure approaches the German Mechanic. It is Gobler; he yells to the mechanic, indicating the plane.

GOBLER
Get it gassed immediately! It has an important cargo to take out!

In the distance, the Flying Wing lands and rolls toward the men. Gobler spins and heads back toward the main camp, which is hidden from view by a rise. Indy and Marion watch him go.

INDY
When the Ark gets loaded, we're already going to be on that plane.

The Flying Wing rolls up into the space near the fuel trucks. The German Mechanic puts blue blocks in front of the tires as the engines continue to roar.

Indy and Marion run in a crouch to a hiding spot closer to the plane, near the supply tent. Suddenly, a Second German Mechanic appears behind them. He is as surprised as they

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED 109

are, but recovers quickly and swings a big monkey wrench at Indy. Indy grabs the swinging arm and the two men tumble out into the open, wrestling. Marion remains hidden, moving fast among the crates.

The first German Mechanic, who is just pulling the fuel hose from the tank truck to the plane, sees the combatants and runs to help his countryman. He is almost upon them when Indy puts the Second German away with a devastating left--right--left combination. He turns to find the first German Mechanic flying at him. They roll toward the rear of the Flying Wing and its lethally spinning reversed propellers.

In the cockpit of the Flying Wing, the Pilot has been fiddling with his gauges just prior to shutting off his engines. Now he notices the fight going on outside.

The fistfight between Indy and the German Mechanic has taken on a new stomach-tightening dimension. The men are fighting and flailing in and out between the spinning props at the back of the plane's wings. Each man comes within inches of becoming instant mincemeat.

The Pilot slides away the top of his cockpit and stands up. He pulls a Luger from his side and points it, waiting for a clear shot at Indy. The German Mechanic kicks Indy away from him and the Pilot aims his pistol. Suddenly, Marion appears behind the Pilot, standing on the opposite wing, and bashes him over the head with one of the blue blocks that was holding the tires. The Pilot drops down into the cockpit, his body falling on the throttle. The engines roar louder, revving up. The plane begins to roll, rotating around its one still-blocked set of tires. Marion grabs onto the cockpit to keep from slipping into the props. She bends into the cockpit, trying to pull the pilot's body off the throttle. No luck. She grimaces and climbs inside. Her shoulder bumps the top of the cockpit; it slides tightly shut above her.

Under the moving wing, Indy delivers a knockout rightcross to the German Mechanic which sends him staggering back toward a roaring propeller. Indy's grimace registers the man's demise and a fine mist of blood wafts toward him. Indy spins toward the sound of crumpling metal and sees--

The other tip of the Flying Wing slices into a tank truck. The airplane fuel inside floods out onto the pavement, surrounding the plane. Indy backpedals away from the plane, his eyes searching the scene for Marion. Suddenly, he is shocked to see her in the cockpit. He runs toward her, skidding through the gasoline.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED 109

INDY
Get out! Get out!

Marion is struggling with the top of the cockpit. She can't budge it. She's trapped.

110 EXT. THE COMMAND TENT - DAY 110

Three Armed Nazis stand guard around the wooden crate containing the Ark. It is sitting near the flopped-open entrance to the Command Tent and there is furious activity going on here. Belloq, Dietrich, Gobler, Toht and assorted Aides are packing up all the papers and personal items in preparation for a hasty departure.

A large crowd of Arab Diggers is milling about among the tents. They all want to get a look at the Ark. Sallah is among them. All at once, there is an earthshaking explosion. All eyes turn toward the rise that hides the airstrip. A huge fireball floats into view over there. Everyone starts running toward it. Dietrich yells at Toht and the Armed Nazis.

DIETRICH
Stay with the Ark!

111 EXT. THE RISE ABOVE AIRSTRIP - DAY 111

Almost all the Arabs and Germans in the digs have congregated here and are staring at the burning remains of the Flying Wing. Belloq and Dietrich arrive just as the second fuel truck blows up. The concussion knocks many of the observers flat. Belloq, Dietrich and Gobler watch the scene in alarm.

DIETRICH
Sabotage!

BELLOQ
We must get the Ark away from this place immediately!

DIETRICH
(to Gobler)
Have it put on the truck. We'll fly out of Cairo.

Gobler snaps his heels, turns to go.

DIETRICH
And Gobler--
(Gobler stops)
--I want plenty of protection.

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED 111

Gobler nods and runs off. Dietrich heads back toward camp. Belloq hesitates a long moment, studying the burning wreckage with an odd, suspicous look. Finally, he turns and leaves, passing a nearby stack of barrels. When he has passed, Sallah appears from among the barrels. He searches the crowd for his people and starts a broken field run along some tents to avoid a group of Germans and is running flat-out when someone sticks out a leg and sends him flipping. Sallah, dust all over his face, looks angrily toward the concealed culprit. Indy and Marion, splotched with soot and oil, are hiding in the flap of a tent. Sallah runs into their arms and the three embrace warmly. When they break--

SALLAH
Holy smoke, my friends! I am so pleased you are not dead.

MARION
Us too.

SALLAH
(suddenly remembering)
The Ark! They're taking it on a truck to Cairo.

INDY
Where is it?

Sallah gestures to follow and all three run off stealthily through the mostly deserted camp.

112 EXT. AMONG THE TENTS - DAY 112

Sallah, Indy and Marion run into a hiding spot behind some water barrels near the Command Tent. They peek out at this activity--

In the big space near the Command Tent is parked an open German staff car; inside is a Blond Driver and an Armed Guard. Directly behind it is a canvas-topped troop truck. At this moment, Belloq and Dietrich are supervising the careful placement of the crated Ark in the back of the truck. When it is securely placed inside, we hear an ominous marching sound and Nine Armed Nazis appear at a trot from between some tents and climb into the back of the truck with the Ark.

Behind the water barrels, Sallah and Marion exchange hopeless looks. But Indy just concentrates on--

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED 112

The scene by the truck: Belloq and Dietrich are about to climb into the front staff car when they pause to check out the final component of the convoy. Rolling into place behind the truck is another open staff car. But this one is special--mounted in the back is a big, black machine gun, manned by a Gunner. At the wheel of the car is Gobler and next to him sits Toht.

Sallah and Marion look at Indy. Belloq and Dietrich climb into the back seat of the front car and the caravan pulls out. Indy watches it go, thinking hard.

INDY
You two get back to Cairo quick and get us transportation to England--a plane, a ship, anything. I'm going to get that truck.

MARION
(grabbing his arm)
When are you going to stop leaving me?

Indy gives her a look and a quick kiss.

INDY
I'll meet you at Omar's. Be ready for me.

Sallah nods. Indy jumps up, looks around desperately. Marion looks at him like he's nuts.

MARION
How are you going to get that truck?

INDY
(still searching)
I don't know. I'm making this up as I go.

He runs away between two tents. Marion watches him with concern.

113 EXT. AT THE EDGE OF THE DIGS - DAY 113

From among the tents, Indy suddenly bursts into view, happily astride a magnificent white Arabian stallion. He gallops off across the desert.

114 EXT. THE DESERT - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 114

Indy cuts cross country, avoiding the road the convoy has taken. He leaps gulleys, climbs dunes, slides down slopes. Soon the convoy comes into view far below him. He tears along a parallel ridge, like an Indian shadowing a wagon train.

115 EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY 115

The convoy is entering rougher country. The narrow mountain road we've seen earlier ascends ahead. To the side of the road are tall boulders. Suddenly, Indy shoots out from between two rocks and rides directly for the truck. The Armed Nazis in the back of the truck can see nothing because the canvas hides their view. But Gobler, Toht and the Gunner in the rear staff car have a brief line on him. Toht points and the Gunner fires away at Indy, the bullets kicking up sand near Indy's horse.

The Armed Guard in the cab of the truck leans out to see what's happening. Indy has been riding alongside. Now he stands on the horse and leaps to the cab. In a second, he has flipped the Armed Guard out of the truck. He slides into the cab and begins grappling with the Truck Driver. The Truck Driver tries to hit the brakes, but Indy kicks his foot away and floors the gas pedal. The truck doubles its speed and shoots onto the steep mountain road.

116 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY 116

The Blond Driver of the front staff car sees the truck move up on him in the rear view mirror and speeds up. Belloq, Dietrich and the Armed Guard in the car twist around to look at the struggle in the truck. The Blond Driver begins what will be a continuing preview of the twists in the road. He turns his wheel sharply and takes the lead car around a bend.

In the cab of the truck, Indy and the Truck Driver stop their fight temporarily and cooperate in turning the steering wheel. The truck barely stays on the road.

A full view reveals the incredible geography of this ride. The convoy is tiny against the spectacular mountainside, the cliffs drop hundreds of feet.

At the wheel of the rear car, Gobler swerves to stay on the road and accidently sideswipes a boulder. The Gunner perched in the back is flipped head over heels out of the car. Gobler and Toht are having trouble seeing the road through all the dust the convoy is kicking up.

The lead staff car reaches the summit of the road and barely makes the hairpin turn there, delivering a destructive blow to the guard rail that has been placed there. The guard rail is now bent.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED 116

In the cab of the truck, Indy and the Truck Driver again stop trying to choke each other long enough to negotiate the turn together. The bumper of the truck hits the broken guard rail and sends it flying off the cliff. The truck, however, holds the road.

In the rear car, Gobler and Toht are trying to see through the thick clouds of dust. Suddenly it clears completely. Unfortunately for them, this happens because their car has shot out into space at the hairpin turn. They are flying to their final reward. Toht, eyes wide behind his evil spectacles, screams as he goes.

In the cab of the truck, the Truck Driver is distracted by the sight of the flying staff car. Indy plasters him and he tumbles out.

Far, far below, Toht's staff car explodes on the rocks.

In the back of the truck, a TOUGH SERGEANT takes command of the situation. He picks out six Armed Nazis and motions for them to start climbing around the outside of the truck to the cab. With some trepidation the lucky ones begin that maneuver. The truck is swerving like crazy.

In the front staff car, the Armed Guard aims his submachine gun back at Indy, alone now in the truck's cab. Dietrich knocks the barrel roughly away.

DIETRICH
(yelling)
If anything happens to that Ark, we're all dead men! The Fuhrer will see to it!

Indy sees this from the cab and reacts by speeding up, putting even more pressure on the Blond Driver.

Along the back of the truck, Armed Nazis are edging up toward the cab, three on each side. They hang on as the truck rounds a corner and goes into a straightaway that leads through a short tunnel.

In the cab, Indy has been concentrating on the lead staff car. Now, just before entering the tunnel, he looks in his side view mirror and sees the Nazis on his side. A quick glance to the other mirror reveals the others. As the truck sweeps into the tunnel, we see Indy just start to turn his steering wheel--he is going to sideswipe the walls of the tunnel.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED 116

At the other end of the tunnel, we hear the roar of the two engines and two long, screeching, scraping sounds. The lead staff car shoots out of the tunnel, then the truck, its sides cleared of Nazis.

In the rear of the truck, the Tough Sergeant is looking with distaste back at the tunnel. There remains only him and two Armed Nazis with the Ark. He sends these two climbing up over the top of the truck.

In the lead car, the Blond Driver is being pressed hard by Indy, who now edges up to bump them from the rear. Suddenly the Armed Guard next to the Driver sees the two Armed Nazis appear on the top of the truck. Without thinking, he starts to point them out to Dietrich then realizes his stupidity.

In the cab, Indy has seen this and is at first mystified. He checks his sideview mirrors. Then he figures it out and slams on his brakes. The brakes lock, the wheels burn and the truck skids to a dusty halt. The two Armed Nazis fly off the truck, over the cab, to the road in front. Indy immediately hits the gas again. The two Armed Nazis, just aiming their weapons, get wiped out.

In the rear of the truck, the crated Ark is bouncing all along, no one in sight, because--

The Tough Sergeant is on the top of the truck, making his way steadily forward. This guy clearly knows what he's doing. A submachine gun is slung across his back.

The truck and the staff car race through a series of S-curves. In the staff car, Belloq and Dietrich spot the Tough Sergeant as he reaches the front of the truck's top and begins to lower his submachine gun barrel toward the cab. Indy is unaware. Belloq and Dietrich exchange looks. Then Dietrich yells to the Armed Guard in the front seat.

The Tough Sergeant has a line on Indy. He points his gun. The Armed Guard blasts away at the truck. The Tough Sergeant dies in a hail of bullets and flies off.

Indy, who has ducked at the gunfire, is confused. But when he sees the Armed Guard up front lower his gun, Indy again floors it and begins bumping the staff car in earnest.

The road is almost down to the level now. In the distance--Cairo. The road takes a little dogleg just before reaching level ground again. Just as the staff car is about to make the turn, Indy smashes them from behind. The staff car flies off the road and down a twenty foot embankment. Indy takes the truck speeding down the road and off toward Cairo.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED 116

In the staff car, the occupants are bruised but safe. Deitrich points at the departing truck and yells at the Blond Driver. The staff car fishtails out of its sandy resting place and takes off after the truck.

117 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CAIRO (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY 117

Indy has an ever-decreasing lead on the staff car as the race thunders into the narrow streets. People and animals leap out of the way; carts and barrels go flying helter skelter. Indy takes the truck down a street so narrow there are only inches to spare on each side. Pedestrians jump into doorways.

118 EXT. OMAR'S SQUARE - DAY 118

When the truck clears the narrow street, it is in a small square. Omar's garage is gaping open on the opposite side. Indy hits the brakes and the truck skids across the square and into the garage. The garage door slams shut and tenting drops from the building to hide the door. Various Arabs, friends of Omar, rush out with fruit carts and baskets and set up a mini-bazaar in seconds. Two Arab Boys sweep the tracks of the truck into oblivion. They throw aside their brooms just as the staff car appears from the narrow street. Belloq and Dietrich look around desperately as the Blond Driver steers the car through the square and out the other side.

119 EXT. CAIRO DOCKS - NIGHT 119

The waterfront is dark and misty. An old tramp steamer, THE BANTU WIND, sits by the pier. Several fierce Black African Pirates, the crew members, are taking on final stores.

A small light illuminates the top of the gangplank. In its circle, Indy and Marion exchange long, warm embraces with Sallah. A short distance away the ship's Captain, a handsome, powerful black named SIMON KATANGA, watches from the rail, smoking a pipe.

DISSOLVE TO:

120 EXT. OPEN SEA - THE MEDITERRANEAN - NIGHT 120

The Bantu Wind is bathed in moonlight as it cuts across even seas.

121 INT. INDY'S CABIN - NIGHT 121

Indiana Jones is out like a light on the Captain's bed. He is snoring. Marion enters the stateroom, a bowl of water and clean dressing in her arms. She is wrapped in an Arab blanket. She sees Indy asleep on the bed and notices herself in a large cheval glass. The door slams shut and Indy's eyes open. Marion lets the blanket drop and admires herself in the mirror.

INDY
Where'd you get that?

MARION
(teasingly)
From him.

Indy sits up, painfully.

INDY
Which him?

Indy lets his jacket fall from his shoulders where it traps him in a full nelson.

MARION
Katanga. I'm not the first woman to travel with these pirates.

Marion cannot see herself clearly, her side of the mirror is smudged. Indy is struggling with his jacket, bending at the waist.

INDY
It's lovely.

MARION
Yeah? Really?

She flips the glass to get a clearer look and catches Indy on the forehead. A dull thud.

INDY
Ahhhh....

She comes over to him with the dressing and water.

MARION
What did you say?

INDY
I said, "yeah....lovely".

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED 121

Marion starts helping him off with his jacket and shirt.

INDY
I don't need any help.

MARION
You never do.

Indy and Marion stare at themselves in the mirror. Indy is a wreck. Scratches, scrapes and body blows everywhere. He avoids looking at himself and sees Marion looking at him intently. He turns his head and looks straight at her. Marion sees him looking at her in the mirror, she smiles coyly and begins sponging his body.

MARION
You're not the man I knew ten years ago.

INDY
It's not the years, it's the mileage.

MARION
Where does it hurt?

INDY
Everywhere.

Marion touches his left shoulder tenderly.

MARION
Here?

INDY
(wince)
Yes here!

MARION
Where doesn't it hurt? Here?

She kisses his elbow. He looks at it and looks at her. She kisses his hair. He indicates that's okay. Indy points at his neck. Marion smiles and kisses it. With his finger still in 'idea' position, Indy points to the tip of his nose. Marion kisses it. He points to his left eye. She kisses longer there. His finger gently taps her on the shoulder as if to 'cut in'. She pulls back and looks into Indy's eyes, his finger between their faces. He slowly draws the finger across his lips. Her lips follow and they ease into a kiss....Marion pulls back slowly, a dopey smile on her face that instantly changes to tight rage.....Marion lets go his arms and Indy falls to rest on his pillow.

CLOSE - INDY

121 CONTINUED 121

MARION
Ya big ape, you're not the man
I knew ten years ago.

Suddenly, Indy's hands rise up in picture, surround Marion's cheeks and pull her down out of frame.

122 INT. IN THE HOLD 122

The ship's rats are agitated. They tremble and chitter at the edges of the compartment, darting about. Out in the center of the hold, sitting all by itself, is the crated Ark. HUM - M - M - M.

123 INT. INDY'S CABIN - DAY 123

Marion awakes with a start, alone in the cot. Something's wrong. The ship is quiet. Indy is strapping on his holster. He pulls his whip and jacket from a hook.

MARION
What is it?

INDY
The engines have shut down.

MARION
Why?

INDY
I'm going to find out.

124 EXT. LOWER DECK - DAY 124

Indy runs toward the bow, then climbs some steps four at a time. A MESSENGER PIRATE is hurrying to get him, but flies by him on the steps. By the time the Pirate stops himself, Indy is gone.

MESSENGER PIRATE
Mister Jones! The Captain he say--

125 EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY 125

Captain Katanga is looking with concern ahead of the ship. Indy appears behind him.

INDY
What's wrong?

KATANGA
You have most important friends.

Katanga turns quickly, pointing with a sweeping hand. Indy looks. Arrayed in a rough semicircle around the ship are ten German Wolf Submarines. All of their deck guns are manned and trained on the Bantu Wind. Worse, at least five heavily-armed boarding parties in rafts are closing quickly on the ship.

INDY
Holy shit.

KATANGA
(fast)
I sent my man for you. You and the girl must disappear. We have a place in the hold. Go, my friend!

126 EXT. UPPER DECK - DAY 126

Indy tears along the deck. He looks over the rail and sees two Nazi rafts already next to the ship.

127 EXT. LOWER DECK - DAY 127

Indy flies down some stairs and starts to round a corner. Suddenly he throws himself backwards, out of view. Three uniformed Nazis are clustered near a cabin door holding the Messenger Pirate. Now two more come out of the cabin trying to maintain their grasp on a kicking, yelling Marion. She is still wearing her white nightgown. More Nazis clamber onto the deck and head toward Indy, slamming open doors, rousting Pirates, spouting racial epithets. Indy steps backwards and fades into the maze of the ship.

128 EXT./INT. THE BANTU WIND (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY 128

The ship is swarming with Nazis. The Black Pirates are herded forward, subjected to rough physical and verbal abuse by the Aryan Supermen. The Pirates are clearly under orders not to resist, but not one of these strong men likes it. They'd gladly give their lives to rip the throat out of a few Krauts. In the hold, the door slams open and Nazis pour in; they smile at the sight of the crated Ark.

129 EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY 129

Captain Katanga watches as his crew is crowded into a circle of Nazis on the wide deck below him. He is surrounded by Belloq, Dietrich, and several Nazis, two of whom are holding Marion. Now the Nazis from the hold appear on the lower deck carrying the crated Ark by means of the long poles. Belloq's eyes shine at the sight.

DIETRICH
Take it aboard the Wurrfler!

BELLOQ
And be very careful!

The Ark is taken away.

DIETRICH
(to a Sergeant below)
What about Jones?

SERGEANT
Not a trace yet, sir!

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED 129

KATANGA
Jones is dead.

Belloq and Dietrich regard him suspiciously.

In an air scoop ventilator near the bridge, hidden deep in the shadows, his body contorted, is Indy. From here he has a view of the scene on the bridge; at least he does when one of the Nazis isn't moving in front of the air scoop, just feet from him.

WHAT HE SEES. As Katanga speaks, Belloq steps forward and takes possession of Marion, the Nazis releasing her under his authoritative glare. Belloq holds her close by his side. Marion looks up at him with a worried, ambivalent gaze. After a moment, Belloq's hand comes up to caress her nape. She looks even more desperately confused.

In the air scoop, Indy watches it all.

KATANGA
We killed him. He was of no use to us. The girl, however, has certain value where we are headed. She will bring a very good price. If that cargo you have taken was your goal, then go in peace with it. But leave us the girl. It will reduce our loss on this trip.

DIETRICH
Savage. You are not in a position to ask for anything. We will take what we wish and then decide whether or not to blow your ship from the water.

Belloq fixes Dietrich with a steady look.

BELLOQ
The girl goes with me. It will be part of my compensation. I'm sure the Fuhrer would approve.

Dietrich considers. Belloq looks Marion in the eye as he speaks--

BELLOQ
If she fails to please me, you can do with her as you wish. I won't waste any more time with her.

This appeals to Dietrich's nature. He signals his agreement with a gesture. Belloq ushers Marion away with her two keepers.

DISSOLVE TO:

130 EXT. "THE WURRFLER" - CONNING TOWER - DAY 130

The Nazis have returned to their subs. Dietrich is on the bridge with THE WURRFLER'S CAPTAIN and the Captain's Aides. The Captain is an honorable career Navy Man.

THE WURRFLER'S CAPTAIN
Colonel Dietrich, all torpedoes are loaded.

Dietrich nods and continues to stare at the Bantu Wind, as does the Captain. The Pirate Crew is all lined across the bow. Towering above the others, standing on the rail, proud and defiant, is Katanga. Dietrich looks at the Wurrfler's Captain a moment.

DIETRICH
What do you think, Captain?

THE WURRFLER'S CAPTAIN
(earnestly)
I think not, Colonel. Nothing is to be gained. We are not at war.

Dietrich mulls this, then turns to the hatch.

DIETRICH
...yet. Let the vermin live. We must be on our way.

Dietrich disappears down the hatch. The Captain is very pleased. A Radioman speaks into his headset, then follows the other Aides down the hatch. In the distance the other subs begin to move away from the ship. The Captain, alone on the bridge, looks once more at Katanga.

On the Bantu Wind, Katanga executes what might be taken for a salute.

The Wurrfler's Captain smiles, salutes crisply, then goes below, pulling the hatch closed. Immediately, the Wurrfler begins to move. And as it does, we see the rail at the aft of the main deck. From nowhere, a wet sleeve appears and a hand grabs the rail!

Indy pulls his dripping body onto the sub's main deck. He has lost his felt hat once and for all. Other than that, his outfit is the same as always, just wetter. Suddenly, water is washing over his feet; the Wurrfler is beginning to submerge. Indy runs through quickly deepening water toward the haven of the conning tower. Halfway there, he slips and goes down. Only by grabbing the base of the aftmast light does he keep from being swept away. He struggles to his feet and sloshes through knee-deep water to the base of the conning tower.

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED 130

Indy climbs the ladder to the bridge of the conning tower and looks down. The water is rising toward him fast. Indy climbs the ladder to the top of the turret and braces himself between the two uprights there--the 7 foot radio mast and the 20 foot periscope. Still the ocean comes up to meet him. Soon the top of the turret is under water and the radio mast is disappearing. Indy shifts his grip to the periscope, working his way up it and hanging on for dear life as the ocean whips at his body. The periscope is quickly going under. Indy hangs on to the top three feet, all that remains above.

The forward movement of the sub continues, but, to Indy's slowly dawning delight, the dive stops. No more of the periscope goes under. Indy smiles; it's a pretty good smile, too, given the circumstances. Indy pulls out his bullwhip and begins tying himself to the periscope.

131 EXT. THE PERISCOPE - AFTERNOON 131

The sun warms that part of his body Indy has contrived to keep out of the water. The rest floats out behind. Indy isn't comfortable, but all in all, it's not as terrible as he might have feared.

DISSOLVE TO:

132 EXT. THE PERISCOPE - DUSK 132

It's as terrible as Indy might have feared. He looks wasted. Waterlogged and exhausted. The wet leather of the whip is contracting and he must struggle constantly to keep it from cutting into his skin.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT 133

Several shark fins cut the surface, appearing and disappearing in the bright moonlight. They are shadowing--

134 EXT. THE PERISCOPE - NIGHT 134

Indy looks through barely open eyes at the sharks running alongside. There is nothing to be done. His eyes close.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

135 EXT. THE PERISCOPE - DAY 135

The submarine has stopped. The water is calm. A gentle swell splashes Indy awake. He blinks, tries to regain his senses. He makes an inventory of his body. Surprised to find himself intact, his spirits lift. Some hidden reserve of energy flows through him. He frees his aching arms from the wet leather of the whip, leaving only one loop around his waist to hold him to the sub. He rubs his hands and stretches. Once again, he has survived. To fight again. He looks around.

WHAT HE SEES. A lovely island. No sign of man's presence. The sub has stopped at the mouth of a vegetation-lined inlet. Suddenly, the sub begins to move again, angling its hull into the narrow, curved inlet.

Indy watches up ahead, from his perch. Soon he sees something that alarms him.

WHAT HE SEES. The sub's destination has come into sight around the bend of the inlet: a beautiful, hidden lagoon on the lush island contains an elaborate dock, part of a secret base. The dock is thick with Nazis awaiting the sub's arrival.

In another fifteen seconds, Indy will be visible to them all. Indy tries desperately to untie the wet whip which still holds him around the waist. When he cannot free it, he manages to wriggle his body out from under it and slip quietly off the side of the sub and into the water, leaving the whip hanging from the periscope. He dives under the surface.

136 OMITTED 136

137 EXT. NAZI SUPPLY BASE - DESERT ISLAND - DAY 137

The Nazis have built a complete supply base here, all carefully camouflaged from the air. Most of it is hidden from the lagoon by a stand of thick vegetation, but the dirt road into the trees is busy with uniformed Nazis and materiel. The sun is dropping rapidly toward the ocean.

The Wurrfler sits moored at the dock. The Ark has been unloaded and placed in a jeep. Dietrich, Belloq and Marion have just disembarked and been met by a Nazi contingent from the base. Marion looks worse for the trip. Her white nightgown is now ripped and smudged. And one thing is very clear: she has not pleased Belloq on their voyage. He has an icy disregard for how she is manhandled by the two Nazis who now escort her. His only acknowledgement of their contact is a final, hard look at her frightened, but defiant, visage as they move her up the dock.

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One of the greeting Nazis, a TALL CAPTAIN, salutes Dietrich and Belloq. As he speaks to them, we notice that right behind this group, just above a great deal of sub unloading activity, Indy's whip hangs from the periscope. Working Nazis pass within feet of it unaware; the Tall Captain would see it in a moment if he were not so focused on the new arrivals.

TALL CAPTAIN
(to Belloq)
The altar has been prepared in accordance with your radioed instructions, sir.

BELLOQ
Good. We must take the Ark there now.

Dietrich looks a little unhappy about this exchange, but says nothing. The group gets into waiting jeeps and moves off toward the camp.

On the turret of the Wurrfler, the Wurrfler's Captain lights a cigarette as he watches the group move away then returns his attention to the activity on the dock. He leans

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED 137

idly against the periscope, his head two feet below Indy's dangling whip. Something catches his eye, he yells an order and climbs down from the turret to deal with the matter. We hold on the whip for a long moment, until its owner's hand appears and quickly reclaims it.

138 EXT. JEEP - DAY 138

The jeep moves through the section of jungle toward the center of the base. Dietrich looking worried, and Belloq very excited, are focused on the Ark in the jeep ahead.

DIETRICH
I am uncomfortable with the thought of this--
(spitting it out)
--Jewish ritual. Are you sure it's necessary?

BELLOQ
(playing him)
Let me ask you this--Would you be more comfortable opening the Ark in Berlin--for the Fuhrer--and finding out only then if the sacred pieces of the Covenant are inside? Knowing, only then, whether you have accomplished your mission and obtained the one, true Ark?

Dietrich doesn't like any of his alternatives. He looks at Belloq with some suspicion as the jeep comes into the camp.

139 EXT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 139

The area has been worked over by the Nazis into a buzzing, efficient base of operations. Camouflaged tents and wooden structures house barracks and supply depots. Nazi soldiers are everywhere, wrangling supplies and ammunition, monitoring electronic equipment.

In the jeep, Belloq is oblivious to all this activity. His shining, distracted eyes are on but one spot--

At the far end of the camp's central open space is a startling bit of natural geology--it is a stone outcropping that seems to burst from the floor of the island and slope thirty feet skyward to its pinnacle rock, a broad, flat, horizontal slab. Some long-vanished band of islanders, responding to its innate religiosity, have

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED 139

carved steps into its side, easing and inviting its ascent. Now the Nazis have arranged some smaller boulders at the center of that great slab to await the Ark. This great rock will serve as the Altar. In fact, the overwhelming impression is that God shaped it for just that purpose.

140 EXT. JUNGLE VEGETATION - DAY 140

Indy makes his way stealthily toward the camp. The lush growth provides plenty of cover.

141 EXT. THE ALTAR - SUNSET 141

Belloq and Dietrich watch as four Nazis carefully carry the Ark up the stone stairs of the great Altar rock. The sun is disappearing into the ocean now and the sky behind the soldiers is ablaze in pinks and oranges.

Off to one side, in a posture of supplication to the great rock, stands a 20-foot native statue of an ancient island diety. Now the two Nazis escorting Marion are roughly tying her to one leg of this statue. Her arms are drawn tightly back around the stone sinews of the idol and her tattered nightgown is pulled tight across her body.

Belloq watches with obsessed eyes as the Nazis up on the rock carefully lift the actual Ark out of its crate by means of the long poles. The Ark, even in its aged, tarnished state, captivates the eye, glowing gold in the extravagant sunset light. The Nazis place it gently on the smaller boulders in the center of the pinnacle rock.

Belloq confident of its placement, turns and disappears into a white silk tent which has been erected at the base of the rock. The Tall Captain follows him in.

142 EXT. PALM TREE - EDGE OF THE JUNGLE VEGETATION - SUNSET 142

Indy has shimmied up a tall palm and is hidden among the fronds and coconuts. He surveys the scene.

WHAT HE SEES. In addition to the Altar rock and the golden prize it now holds, Indy's searching gaze rakes over the white silk tent, the confusion of Nazi activity, and Marion, who is flanked by the two armed guards. Giant klieg lights go on to light the camp against the gathering gloom. From here, too, Indy notices that the island is abuzz with news of the Ark. Nazis are putting down their

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED 142

labors about the camp to drift inward toward the Altar. It is almost as if they were being drawn to the spot.

143 INT. THE WHITE SILK TENT 143

The light in here is lovely, unearthly. Oil lamps burn. Belloq stands at the center, the white silk undulating around him as in a dream. With the help of the Tall Captain, Belloq lets an extraordinary, gold-embroidered, ceremonial robe fall over his head and onto his body. Belloq looks transported, possessed. The Tall Captain unlatches a wooden case and takes from it a sturdy ivory rod about 5 feet long, elaborately engraved. Belloq takes it from him and slips out through the silk. The Tall Captain stays behind.

144 EXT. THE ALTAR - SUNSET/NIGHT 144

Belloq emerges from the tent. Dietrich and the other Nazis are taken aback by his appearance in the robe. They exchange looks. From one knot of men there is muttering about "Juden" and such, but when Belloq turns a fiery gaze on them, there is immediate silence. Dietrich looks uncertain in this presence.

Belloq approaches the foot of the stairs. From here he looks up the broad stone stairs toward the Ark glowing at the top, glowing against what has suddenly become a starry night sky; the daylight seems to have been swallowed up in an instant. It could be imagination, but the HUM of the Ark seems a bit stronger now. Belloq raises the ivory rod toward the Ark and begins murmuring an invocation--in Hebrew!

More and more of the Nazis are being drawn to the scene of this weird ritual. Most of the camp personnel are now in attendance. Now one of these soldiers wanders further into the center of activity than the others, his head and shoulder bent a bit beneath the weight of a bazooka.

Near the foot of the Altar, beside the white silk tent, the soldier suddenly stops and aims the grenade launcher directly up at the Ark. This Nazi soldier is Indy.

INDY
Hold it.
(the Nazis react)
One move from anybody and I blow that box back to Moses.

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Dietrich makes it clear to the other Nazis that Indy is to be obeyed.

BELLOQ
Jones, your persistence surprises even me. You are going to give mercenaries a bad name.

DIETRICH
Doctor Jones, surely you don't think you can escape from this island.

INDY
That depends on how reasonable we're all willing to be. All I want is the girl. We'll keep possession of the Ark only till we've got safe transport to England. Then it's all yours.

DIETRICH
If we refuse?

INDY
Then the Ark and some of us are going up in a big bang. I don't think Hitler would like that a bit. Now I don't want to talk about this anymore. Untie the girl in five seconds or--

The Tall Captain flies out of the folds of the white silk tent and takes Indy down by the neck. The grenade launcher slides away as two other Nazis help subdue Indy. The three Nazis take Indy's pistol from his holster and raise him roughly in their grasp.

DIETRICH
Jones, this is the second time I have seen you looking very foolish. It's a bad habit.

INDY
I'm trying to break it.

Dietrich draws his luger.

DIETRICH
I'll help you...personally.

Dietrich raises the pistol.

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BELLOQ

No. Wait!

Dietrich eyes Belloq who confronts him with a near hypnotic gaze.

BELLOQ

Colonel Dietrich, this man has been an irritation to me for many years, as tenacious and bothersome as a tropical virus.

INDY

I like you, too.

BELLOQ

When you sqeeeze off the bullets that end his life, I will be the most pleased man here.

INDY

(looking around)

It may be a toss-up.

BELLOQ

But I ask you for a moment's forebearance. I would like him to see his final defeat. Please, let him live until I've opened the Ark.

Belloq's face is crossed by a grin of maniacal glee.

BELLOQ

All his life he has pursued archeological relics.

(he points up)

Yet inside the Ark are ancient treasures beyond his wildest aspirations.

(grinning confidentially at Dietrich)

I think you can appreciate my pleasure at letting him come so close to viewing them...and then denying him.

(gestures toward Marion)

I ask you to bind him over there, so that when the contents of the Ark are naked before us at last, they will be hidden from his view. At that moment, it would delight me if you would end his annoying existence. Can I have your cooperation?

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Dietrich looks between Belloq and Indy, uncertain.

INDY
(to Dietrich)
Do me a favor and kill me now.

A smile cuts across Dietrich's face. He speaks to both Belloq and Indy, admiringly.

DIETRICH
The purity of your hatred is an example for us all.
(to his men)
Tie him up.

The Nazis drag Indy toward the native idol. Belloq nods a thank you to Dietrich and turns back to the Altar.

As the Nazis tie Indy to the leg of the idol next to Marion, the two exchange eloquent looks.

MARION
Oh, Indy, I'm so afraid.

INDY
I know. Me too. There's never been a better time for it.

MARION
Indy, I do love you. I want you to know.

INDY
And I love you.

Belloq is at the foot of the Altar again. He begins the Hebrew incantation and then starts up the steps toward the Ark with the ivory rod held before him. With each succeeding step, the HUM of the Ark grows louder.

This HUM causes growing alarm and fascination among all the Nazis in the camp. It is irresistible. Even the most dedicated now put aside their duties and turn toward the Altar.

But Dietrich and the Tall Captain, at the very foot of the Altar, find themselves withdrawing a few feet from the power above them. Dietrich is wary.

Marion and Indy watch with fascination as Belloq climbs closer. On Marion's face is fear, but on Indy's is concentration; he seems to be trying to remember some

CONTINUED

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long-faded piece of information. His mind is grappling with the total phenomenon before him.

The total scene is, indeed, awesome--this beautiful island dwarfed by the immense and starry night sky. And at the center, that odd and spectacular rock, lurching up toward the heavens. At its tip, that golden box. And growing always, the HUM-M-M. All of this lit by the many kliegs. Light enough to see Belloq attain the pinnacle rock. But as he does, as the HUM grows another step, the kliegs begin to explode!

Here. And there. And over here! Shattering into a thousand shards, a rain of glass.

And then, in the new and natural darkness of the night, when our eyes adjust, the light seems to emanate from only two places--the moon and the Ark. And all those people, all those tiny bits of human life, have become black silhouettes against the starscape. And one is easiest to spot-- Belloq high on the rock, standing directly before the Ark of the Covenant. The HUM-M-M-M is deafening.

Indy watches in fascination. Suddenly it comes into his grasp, that one thought for which he has strained. He turns to Marion and speaks urgently.

INDY
Don't look at it, Marion.
You mustn't look!

But already Marion seems entranced. She can barely tear her eyes away from the Altar to look at Indy.

INDY
Marion, do as I say!
(shouting)
Marion!

She looks at him, confused.

INDY
Don't look at it! Don't look back at it now! No matter what happens! Do you understand?

Slowly, dully, conflicted, Marion nods her understanding. She closes her eyes and turns her head away. Indy does the same.

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The assembled Nazis have no such control. Despite the enormous dread they each are feeling deep in their souls, they are overwhelmed by the ineffable sirens of the Ark. They look because they must, they can do nothing but stare. They must see!

Belloq inserts the ivory rod in the notch under the lid of the Ark. He utters a short phrase in Hebrew and begins to press down on his end of the rod. The lid of the Ark begins to lift. It's difficult work. Belloq puts his whole weight into one big press on his end and the lid flies open.

Inside the Ark of the Covenant is God's reply to evil men. A pillar of fire rockets straight for the sky, turning night to day. In a blinding flash of whiteness the entire island is ringed by a curtain of pure, streaking light. It is like the beginning of time, Creation. That perfect moment when light was delivered to the planet. But this ight is a weapon, a power so fearsome, a charge so jolting, that it affects physical matter in a way we have never seen--

Belloq in his obsession, takes the full, instantaneous blast. His whole body seems lit by a million volt current and, for a moment, his complete form is white, then blue, then maybe orange, but it is hard to tell because our eyes are blinded now too. And two things are clear in this ghastly, beautiful display. First, that Belloq, in the instant of his destruction, has experienced some kind of sublime, trancendental knowledge. If a death's-head can smile and look satisfied, that is how Belloq's incandescent face would be described. Secondly, this moment is accompanied by a SOUND like no other. A SOUND so intense and so odd and so haunting that we might imagine it were the whisper of God.

Dietrich and the Tall Captain and the Nazis around them struggle to turn their heads, to close their eyes -- but they cannot. That SOUND, that LIGHT has them gripped as in a vise!

Indy and Marion have their heads bowed and eyes squeezed shut, but now Marion is weakening, giving in to the seductive allure of the Ark. As she seems about to look, Indy senses it and yells, above the roar of that deafening SOUND --

INDY
No, Marion, don't look!
Don't open your eyes!

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The island, the ocean, the sky -- all are barely distinct in this glare. The starscape has been devoured by the light. And brightest of all, the core of the reactor, is that towering pillar of flame, the burning wrath of God.

Now we see, in a series of flashing shots, what happens to those who look. Belloq's eyes have disintegrated, the sockets suddenly turned to black holes. Dietrich and his men are already eyeless, but now their skin and bone dissolves before us, not peeling or shattering, but rather crumbling into fine pieces, collapsing on itself. And, finally, turning to a fine, dry dust that blows away in the whipping vortex of the Ark's storm.

The native idol, to whose legs Indy and Marion are strapped, cracks and crumbles, falling away into a pile of rock and dust. Indy and Marion, eyes still closed, are suddenly free.

And then, as suddenly as it began, it ends! The lid of the Ark slams shut!

And there is quiet.
And darkness, the night sky, full of stars, flooding back. The island is scorched black and a few fires burn. Everywhere the ground is black, except-

Around Indy and Marion. Their eyes open at last and the first thing they see is the small circle of untouched earth that surrounds them. They look up and see each other's face. Indy reaches out and takes Marion's hand. Together they turn and raise their eyes to--

The Ark of the Covenant, in the center of the pinnacle rock. And it is changed. All signs of its age, the residue of the ages gone. It dazzles the eye, shining and pristine, sparkling gold, more beautiful than ever. It shines on.

Oh, it shines.

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158 INT. THE WAR OFFICE - DAY 158

Indy, Brody, and Marion, looking very stylish, are seated in Colonel Musgrove's huge office. Sun pours in a window, through which Washington can be seen sparkling across the Potomac. Everything is neat and clean and regular. Including the three men who are arrayed around the office. Two we know--Col. Musgrove and Maj. Eaton. The third is

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an unnamed Bureaucrat. He hangs back, smiling and genial, his features obscured by the glare of the window. He doesn't say anything, yet you have a sense that the others defer to him in the matter at hand. He is the essence of all that is Byzantine and inscrutable in our scrubbed government machine.

Indy and Brody are dissatisfied with the way the meeting has gone. Marion, on the other hand, is very happy and eager to get out of there. Eaton's manner is irritatingly cheery.

MUSGROVE
You've done your country a great service.

EATON
--And we trust you found the settlement satisfactory?

MARION
Quite.

EATON
Good, good.
(glances around at the others)
Then I guess that about does it.

BRODY
When can we have the Ark?

Eaton's glance flicks over to the mysterious Bureaucrat, then back to Brody.

EATON
I thought we answered that. It's someplace very safe--

INDY
(heated)
That's a powerful force. Research should be done--

EATON
Oh, it will be, Dr. Jones, I assure you. We have top men working on it right now.

INDY
Who?

EATON
Top men.

CONTINUED

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Indy exchanges a look with Brody.

INDY
We may be able to help.

EATON
We appreciate that. And we won't hesitate to call on you.

MUSGROVE
(dismissing them)
Thank you all. Thank you again.

Indy looks them over coldly. He gets up, sullen.

159 EXT. WAR OFFICE STEPS - DAY 159

Indy, Brody and Marion emerge from the building. Brody bids them farewell and moves off in another direction. Marion clings to Indy's arm in an energetic, very feminine way, scolding him.

MARION
--Well they aren't going to tell you, so why don't you just forget it. I'd think you'd had enough of that damn Ark. Just put your mind on something else.

Indy stops, looking across the river, his mind occupied.

INDY
Yeah, like what?

Marion makes a face, then puts her arms around his neck and plants a humdinger of a kiss on his mouth. It goes on a while. Finally they break.

INDY
It's not the Ark...but it'll have to do.

They move down the steps, smiling.

160 INT. GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE 160

The Ark of the Covenant sits in a wooden crate. A wooden lid comes down and hides it from view. The lid is solidly nailed to the crate as we read the stenciled message on top--

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TOP SECRET
ARMY INTEL. #9906753
DO NOT OPEN!

The hammering is completed and hands shift the heavy crate onto a dolly.

THE END CREDITS ROLL AS WE SEE--

A Little Old Government Warehouseman begin pushing the crated Ark down an aisle. Soon we see that the aisle is formed by huge stacks of crates. They come in many shapes and sizes, but when it comes right down to it, they all look like the one that holds the Ark. All have markings like the message we've just seen. Pretty soon we're far enough and high enough away from the Little Old Government Warehouseman to see that this is one of the biggest rooms in the world. And it is full. Crates and crates. All looking alike. All gathering dust.

And then we notice that the Little Old Government Warehouseman, pushing his new crate ahead of him, has turned into another aisle and disappeared from view.

FADE OUT.

THE END.